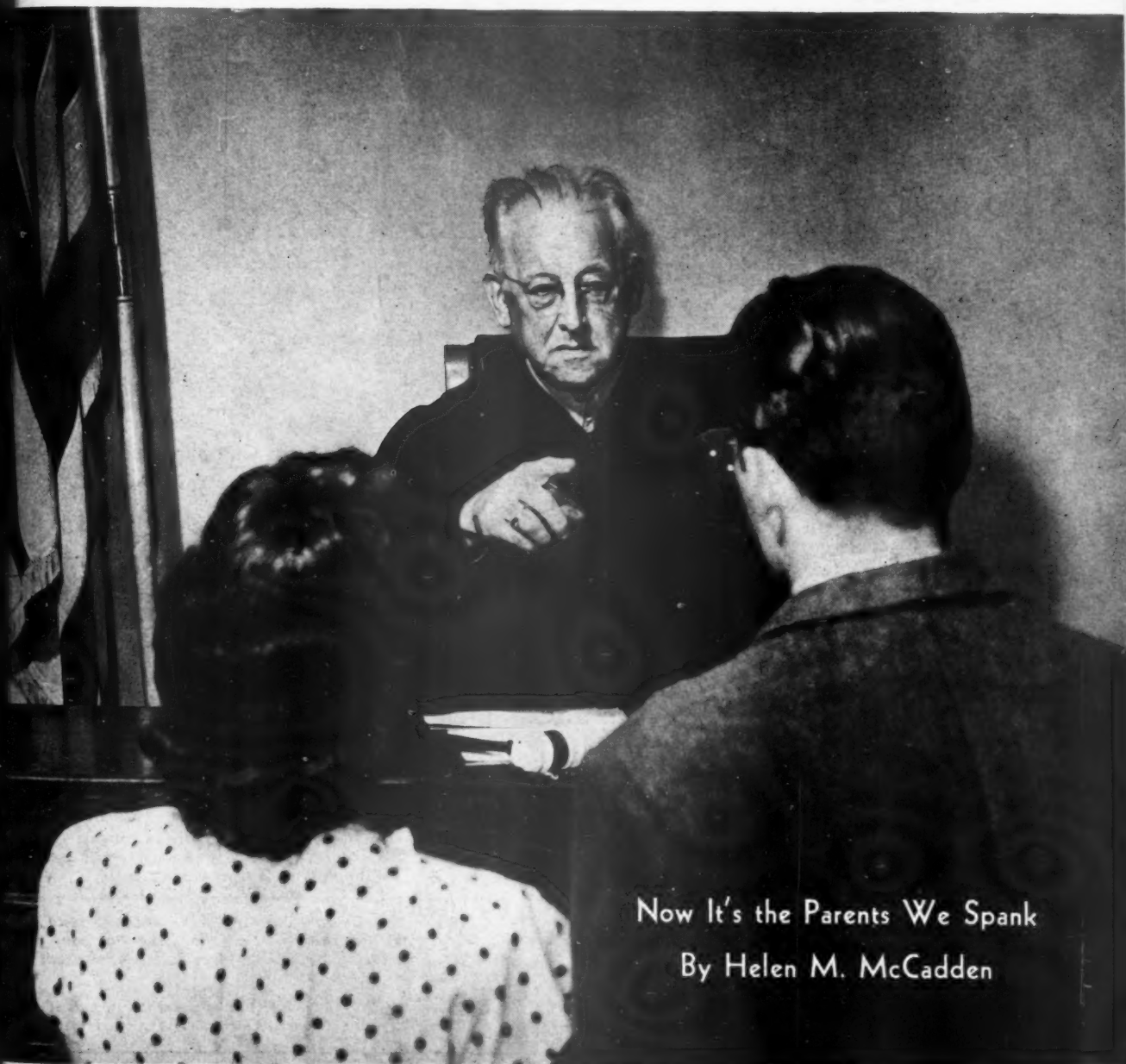


THE

Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Now It's the Parents We Spank

By Helen M. McCadden

No Flowers, Please!—Andrew Boyle

Hugh B. Cave—Harry C. Read—Emerson Schmidt

September 1947

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Personal Mention

► **Andrew Boyle** is a staff writer for the *Catholic Herald* of London. His main job, however, is broadcasting, and at present he is "scripting" for the Overseas News Division of the British Broadcasting Corporation. During the war he served in the Far East as a Major with British Army Public Relations.

► **Robert C. Broderick** is busily at work on two novels and has a juvenile, *Paul of St. Peter's*, soon to be published. After college he did postgraduate work and then became a member of the editorial staff of the Bruce Publishing Company.

► **Paul Eiden**, who makes his first appearance with *THE SIGN* this month, is a twenty-three-year-old ex-paratrooper who served in the Philippines and Japan with the 11th Airborne Division. Before the war he attended De Paul University.

► The forum questions this month are discussed by **Harry C. Read**, Executive Assistant to James B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, and by **Emerson P. Schmidt**, economist for the U. S. Chamber of Commerce since 1943. Mr. Read is a newspaperman and author by profession. His newspaper experience dates back to 1912 in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Returning to his native Chicago, he eventually entered the Hearst service where he became an executive editor. He is the author of several books, including *The History of World War I* and *A Manual on Parliamentary Law*. Dr. Schmidt has taught economics at Marquette, the universities of Wisconsin, Oregon, and Minnesota. He is Editor of *American Economic Security* and has written many books.

► **Helen M. McCadden** took her M.A. in Public Law and Jurisprudence at Columbia and her doctorate in Political Philosophy at Fordham. She has written poetry for *Spirit* and articles for *Thought*, *Commonweal*, etc.

► **Paul Tredway** and **Harry Wilson** are rewrite men on the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Both are graduates of St. Louis University and both served in the war, Mr. Tredway as a special agent for the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps in Australia, the Philippines, and Japan, Mr. Wilson as a lieutenant in the Navy, serving on a subchaser in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic.

THE Sign

Monastery Place, Union City, N.J.



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Cover Photo from Carew-Caldwell

Vol. 27 - No. 2

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers, (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25c. Canads. \$3.00 per year; Foreign, \$3.50 per year. * All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. * Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication. * Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Circulation Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6400. * Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of May 3, 1979. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4-sec. 538, Act of March 3, 1979. * All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1947

Editorial

A Disturbing Parallel

EVEN the most optimistic are admitting privately, if not publicly, that there is a disturbing parallel between present world conditions and the events that led to World War II. And to make the parallel more threatening, it extends to the great international organizations created to preserve the peace—the League of Nations and the United Nations.

Both organizations originated in a burst of enthusiasm after a world war. Both were to guarantee peace for at least generations to come.

Now we find that the U.N. shows many of the fundamental weaknesses of the League. It is long on talk but short on action. It can talk tough to the weaker nations (at least, if they are not satellites of a great power), but its voice is muted to a mere whisper, if it is heard at all, in dealing with the big fellows.

There are two great problems which beset the world today, and their solution is properly the function of an organization such as the U.N. They are the problem of economic reconstruction and the problem of aggressive Communism. As far as any realistic approach to these matters is concerned, the U.N. has been about as effective as a high school debating society.

AS FOR economic reconstruction, the U.N. is helpless because it has neither money nor resources. It was supposed to study the question and make recommendations. It not only hasn't the money to solve the problem, it hasn't even enough to make an adequate study. It is patently absurd in view of this to condemn the Marshall plan as a bypassing of the U.N. It is not a choice between the Marshall plan and the U.N. It is a choice between that plan and no solution at all.

The U.N. is helpless in the face of Communist aggression for two reasons. The first is that the Security Council does not have the military power which it is supposed to have and which it should have to enforce its decisions. The work of the Military Staff Committee of the Security Council has been hamstrung by the Soviet Union. Unless the Russian attitude changes, there is little prospect that the Security Council will ever have at its disposal military forces

capable of curbing even minor states.

The second reason for the impotence of the Security Council is the veto power of its permanent members. Even if the Security Council had adequate military forces at its command and all the members except Soviet Russia were agreed on using them, the Russians could stop all action by the use of the veto. And since there is a threat to peace today from Soviet Russia—or what is the same thing, her satellite states—we must face the fact that the U.N. has no effective means of enforcing peace.

IT IS extremely naïve to think that there is any possibility at the present time of making so fundamental a change in the U.N. as the abolition of the veto. Even if the other permanent members of the Security Council agreed to relinquish this power, Russia would not. She is patently embarking on a course of conquest, and she finds the veto a potent means of frustrating peace efforts and of promoting political discord and economic collapse.

In the light of the facts, it is silly for our fuzzy-brained idealists to set up a howl that we are bypassing the U.N. every time we take direct action in matters in which it is not competent to act. At times we must take direct action, or there will be no action at all. We must take action or Soviet Russia will take over more and more of the earth's surface, enslave more and more of its people, and become more and more a threat to us, while we are discussing Articles of the Charter, procedures, committees and subcommittees, vetoes, and resolutions.

We should not abandon the U.N. nor should we act unilaterally. Where it is competent to act, we can operate within the U.N. and under its auspices. Where it is not, we can join with other peaceful nations that share our ideals and purposes. This is the only alternative to entrusting our safety and national existence to an organization as yet incapable of defending them.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

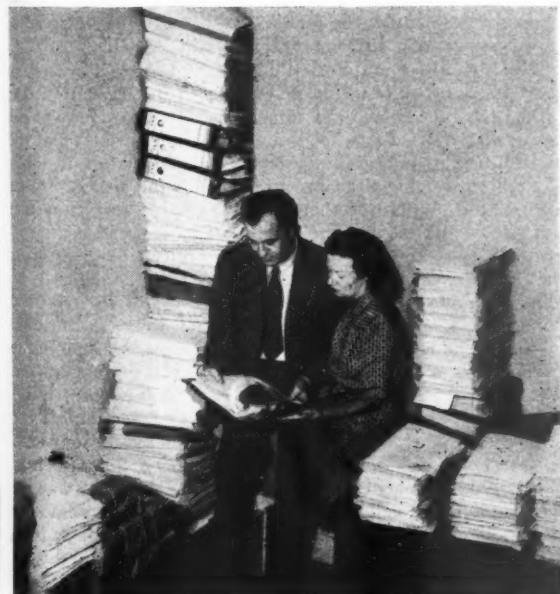
EDITORIALS

In Pictures



Acme

Japanese Crown Prince thoughtfully scratches his head during a spelling bee in a classroom. A knowledge of our language should help toward Japanese-American friendship.



Col. Lund, Chairman of the Balkan Committee, and his assistant, with piled-high documentary evidence. It will take a lot more than documents to overcome the Russian veto.

And

In Print

"And she would ask, 'How big is Mother's little man?' And he would answer, 'So-o-o big!' Edna Ferber's little man grew into a 'fine broth of a lad,' as the Irish say. But one day he

Prices, Profits, Wages Again

stopped growing, at least upward. In the period between 1935 and 1939, any housewife could look at her grocery bill or the tag on her new dress and when her husband asked her how much, she could truthfully answer, "So big." A decade later all mother's little bills have grown a lot. By the middle of this year food prices were up 96.1 per cent. Clothing was up 101.6 percent. That is a lot of growing, and the end of growing is not yet in sight.

The plea President Truman made in his Midyear Economic Report that management and labor practice fairness with one another and co-operate to the end that price levels might be kept from going higher and even be reduced wherever possible, seems to have fallen on sterile ground. He placed special emphasis on the coal and steel industries. Almost immediately coal went up. It was not many weeks before U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel jacked their prices an average of five dollars a ton. *Iron Age* estimates that this rise will boost third-quarter earnings in steel close to an alltime high. The rest of the nation's heavy industries have been given the occasion to advance their prices, even though many of them have not yet had any decline in profits.

If anything is certain it is that those who crusaded to kill OPA were dismally wrong. They argued that there would be a mild inflation at first, but that under free competition and the law of supply and demand prices would quickly settle back to an equitable level. The fallacy in the argument was that there is free enterprise or free competition in all the domains of our economy. As a matter of fact, when OPA was abolished there was substituted in many important lines of commerce powerful industry control over prices instead of federal control. And the important difference between industry control and federal control is that the former pegs prices at the most advantageous point for the industry. For industry's chief concern is its own profits, not the public interest.

As good an example of this as any is the United States steel industry, until 1939 a member of the international steel cartel. Here the U.S. Steel Corporation sets basic prices which the whole industry follows. A basing point system is followed whereby any customer anywhere and at any time is quoted the same delivered price by any steel producer. The same noncompetitive delivered price systems are followed in numerous other heavy-goods industries.

The standard argument that is supposed to justify the constantly increasing level of prices is that labor costs are the biggest item in the costs of industry and that consequently each round of wage increases of necessity compels a commensurate increase in prices. No matter how cogently one may argue, and in certain concrete instances demonstrate, that a sizable segment of American industry can comfortably absorb a wage increase without raising prices, it is still a futile



International

At a plant near Paris a French technician examines material from which atom bombs are made. Knowledge of how to make them makes more progress than measures for control.



Acme

Robert N. Denham, newly appointed General Counsel of the NLRB. There is danger that organized labor's threatened non-co-operative attitude may prove a boomerang to labor.



Press Assoc.

Army and Navy men plan participation of the armed forces in Olympics in London next summer. It's too bad that international rivalries cannot be restricted to sports.

argument so long as the profit psychology of reaping all the harvest will yield dominates our moguls of industry.

There is only one solution for the American workingman. He has to rid himself of the notion that by sheer collective bargaining power he can materially improve his standard of living. On a nationwide scale this is impossible. About three-fifths of the national income now goes to the employee class. As Dr. Sumner Slichter of Harvard has pointed out, if all the national income were distributed among this class, its compensation would be increased by only one-third. The only solution then is to increase the size of the national income, and that means increasing output per man-hour. That means increasing production. It means in some cases the use of a little more brawn. But in the majority of cases, it means increase in use of brains—technological improvements which can make output and wages rise without the consequent creeping up of prices. The constantly rising cost of living is canceling the wage gains labor has achieved. This will go on and on until something bursts, unless management and labor can collaborate to increase production.

Call it midsummer madness; it may have been that. Call it a result of dog days spent in the nation's sultry capital; it may have been that. Call it what you want—circus, cheap

Midsummer Mardi Gras

extravaganza, political skulduggery, or plain bad taste. The fact remains that the spectacle put on by Senator Ferguson's subcommittee in Washington was a national disgrace and a perversion of the reason for which the subcommittee was created. The parade of personalities, Kaiser and Hughes and Meyer and Elliott Roosevelt and the rest; the clash of charge and countercharge; the revelations of night club shenanigans, hotel shindigs, and publicity-hungry party girls in Hollywood and New York; the mystery of flitting public relations men and exorbitant expense accounts; the unlovely sight of two men under oath, one the junior Senator from Maine, each passing the lie direct; all this was naturally calculated to fit neatly into banner headlines day after day, week after week. The fanfare of this subcommittee which was set up to investigate one item of expenditure in the recent war managed to give entertainment of sorts. But it also managed to squander the dignity and bemean the importance of the Senate War Investigation Committee itself.

This committee was created during the war on a bipartisan basis. Its purpose, as was made evident by the legislation that brought it into being, was to act as watch dog over the domestic war effort, to see to it that the public interest and the expenditure of public funds were given adequate safeguards as the tremendous job of procurement for the armed services went ahead. Wherever there was reasonable suspicion that the public interest and the war effort itself were being victimized, it was the function of this committee to investigate. And investigate it did. Enormous and unreckoned are the sums of money saved the taxpayers because of its investigations. Yet so smoothly did the committee work, so unpolitical was its functioning, that it attained a record practically unknown to other committees: in nearly every inquiry undertaken, the report of the members was unanimous. In later days, under Senator Brewster, the glory has dimmed.

Instead of glory we were dazzled with the exhibitionism of Senator Ferguson's subcommittee hearings on a single item which amounts to one eight-thousandth of the total war expenditure. All the ballyhoo might be tolerated if this item were typical, if gross corruption would seem to have been indicated, if a lesson could conceivably be underlined for future guidance in military procurement. The results of this unjudicial, personal, tempestuous sideshow in Washington demonstrate the contrary.

There would be little point in dwelling on this had not Senator Brewster remarked in Boston that the Hughes inves-

tigation was merely "a curtain raiser." If the prologue is a sample of what is to follow in the fall when the committee probes into war contract irregularities, then the Senator from Maine would be well advised if he were told the nation has not been amused. There is an important task ahead, the task of uncovering abuses of public trust, the task of highlighting future safeguards and correctives. If the Senator can remember that his primary duty is toward his country and not his party or his personal piques, the task can yet be done.

A few weeks ago, the magazine, *This Week*, put out a special issue to celebrate the second anniversary of V-Day. It was the result of a global investigation aimed at presenting a

The Deadly Virus of Hopelessness

graphic picture of the aftermath of war. Under a section entitled "Morals" there was a subhead which read: "The world has taken so much punishment that nothing shocks it any more." What followed amounted in substance to this: in a war-shaken world where the struggle for daily bread and a night's shelter is also a battle against the inroads of hopelessness, robbery, theft, rape, prostitution, and a quasi-hysterical craving for excitement are taken in stride, with hardly as much as a raised eyebrow. Startlingly few people are disturbed about the breakdown of morality. And the popular reaction is well summed up in the words of the Mayor of Essen who looked his town over and commented, "There's no real crime wave. People are just trying to live."

This may be an unpleasant picture, but it shouldn't be a surprising one. For hopelessness has a frightening and deadly potency for inducing what might be called moral anesthesia. Only a sturdy Christian spirit can still feel the restraints of moral principles when human flesh is being gnawed by hunger and a human heart is being eaten away by hopelessness. So, remembering that human flesh is weak, it is not surprising that desperate men use every known piece of trickery to get regular meals and baby-faced teen-agers sell their bodies just to have bed and board.

But what we may not avert to is that even in the comparative comfort of a country like our own, sound morality is in constant danger from the virus of hopelessness. If day after day a man cannot pick up a newspaper without being reminded that people of our time are making a terrible mess of the world, there is just as much likelihood that his moral sense will be dulled by something like despair as there is that it will be stirred up into a spirit of let's-do-something-about-this. Even a man's capacity for indignation can become exhausted if he is confronted with moral enormities as a routine affair. The sheer magnitude and wearisome repetition of evils can lull him into a hopeless indifference. And this is a danger threatening all of us as we "get used" to reading about atomic bombs and unreleased slave laborers, Soviet imperialism and deliberate peace blocking, the liquidation of minority parties in the Balkans and the success of white primaries in Mississippi, dishonest, offensive advertising and the shameless glorification of second-rate novelists who happen to have a talent for pandering sex.

BUT no matter how understandable may be the psychological process whereby the virus of hopelessness engenders moral apathy, a Christian cannot afford to let himself "get so used"

to evil that it no longer disturbs him. Whether we like it or not, this twentieth-century world with its ugliness, its materialism, its sensuality, its self-

And the Need for Christian Courage

imposed misery, and its moral confusion, is our world; and we cannot abdicate from our obligation to present it with the guidepost of Christian truth and the challenge of Christian courage.

September, 1947



Typical Korean peasant. The future of his country is at stake in the current American-Russian negotiations but he knows little about them. His chief interest is daily food.



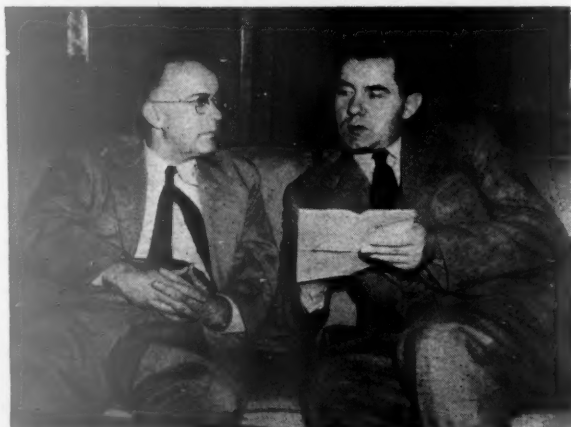
The last German prisoner of war is released by U. S. occupation forces in Germany. Some of our allies still hold many prisoners — release only those too sick to work.



A German worker producing again for civilian needs. As the heart of industrial Europe Germany's productive capacity must be increased—but with all the necessary safeguards.



Yugoslav, Albanian and Bulgarian delegates at the U. N. They are united in opposing any U. N. investigation and revelation of their countries' attacks on Greece.



Oscar Lange of Poland and Andrei Gromyko of Russia. It is becoming more and more evident to all observers that they are the Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen of the U. N.

In a recent letter to Charles Flory, president of the *Semaines Sociales de France*, Pius XII made an observation regarding social justice which might be applied to every current problem whose solution calls for the application of Christ's doctrine. His Holiness wrote: "The present times demand that all Catholics should with all their energies restore to the social doctrine of the Church its maximum efficiency and its maximum results." Obviously, a doctrine produces its maximum efficiency when it is being lived.

If Christians believe that it is wrong to hate Jews because Jews too have been redeemed by Christ, if they are really convinced that such a doctrine is the only sure cure for anti-Semitism, then they ought to be intolerant of any wholesale condemnation of Jewish personalities, Jewish morals, or Jewish business methods. If Catholic laborers expect our doctrine to be taken seriously when we say that social justice demands not only that a man receive a living wage for doing a day's work but also that he really do a day's work, they ought to have the courage to stand up at a union meeting occasionally and point out the faults of labor as well as the faults of management. If Catholic novel readers hope to convince their "broadminded" friends that sex is sacred and marriage a sacrament, they ought to pass up some of the best sellers that deliberately cheapen sex and marriage just because lurid writing pays good dividends. Admittedly, such a program in its manifold ramifications demands courage. But it's the only guaranteed formula for success. That is why the Pope concluded his letter on social justice by remarking: "Catholics will maintain and improve their positions in proportion to the courage that they will show in converting their intimate convictions into actions in the whole domain of life, both public and private."

DURING the month of September, the Church celebrates a feast called the Exaltation of the Cross. It recalls the joy which animated all Christendom when in 629 the true cross of Christ was brought back to Jerusalem after it had been carried into exile by the Persian King, Chosroes II. It reminds us that Christian hearts

An Incongruity—the Cross in Exile

had been pained by the incongruity of having to see a Christian treasure in pagan hands. So the restoration was an occasion of much rejoicing. There is a tradition which tells us that when Heraclius, the King of Jerusalem, wanted to carry the cross into the church, he found it unbearably heavy until he had first divested himself of his royal crown and imperial robes. Maybe this story about Heraclius is just a pious legend, but it bears witness to the Christian's realization that it is also incongruous for a man to expect to be perfectly comfortable when he draws near to the cross of Christ.

This feast suggests a thought pertinent to the Pope's remark on the need for courage among followers of Christ. In so far as the selfishness of Christians has contributed to the ills of society, to that extent we have willingly exiled the cross of Christ. Sometimes it even looks as if the capacity for self-sacrifice, of which the cross is a symbol, has fallen into pagan hands. Communists, even though they do it for the wrong reasons, are frequently more anxious to inconvenience themselves for the removal of an evil than Christians are. True, they are very selective about the evils that bother them, but we cannot deny their willingness to suffer discomfort and even real privation for the cause they espouse. This is an incongruity, for falsehood should never evoke more sacrifice than truth. It is time for Christians to restore the cross to the place it deserves, and to re-establish it at the summit of our entire social life. Then its spirit will dominate our homes, our business affairs, our charitable activities, and our recreational pursuits. To do this is a man-sized job, and we may, like Heraclius, find that we have to divest ourselves of a few encumbering comforts.

No Flowers

Please!



Winston Churchill, speaking at Albert Hall in London, makes a fervent appeal for a United States of Europe

By ANDREW BOYLE

THERE has been some angry comment in Britain of late on what is regarded as premature obituary notices written about that country by certain American publicists. Perhaps the most striking example, and certainly one that has been fastened on with more scorn and indignation than usual, is the picture of a dying Britain conjured up by a writer in the magazine *Look*. The plain truth is that Britain is not on her last legs, even if she is finding the going more grueling and exacting than ever before.

On the other hand, few people over here in England would be so foolish as to go one better than those American publicists and declare with brave defiance that all is well with "the old country." All is very far from well. The economic pulse is low and feeble, however strong and unflinching the will; and our waspish sensitiveness to misplaced sympathy is no doubt intensified by our own awareness of the steady decline in our fortunes. To go on enduring the strict austerities of peace—austerities themselves made possible by the American loan—is bad enough; but to have to endure at the same time the uninhibited diagnosis of our creditors is more than suffering flesh and blood can bear. It is not so

much the case of an ungrateful Britain biting the hand that feeds her; rather is it the case of a proud people struggling hard to keep going and finding it more than difficult on occasion to keep a badly frayed temper.

Such displays of feeling, however, can hardly be expected to reveal what might be called the mental climate in Britain. They cannot show what is going on deep down in the ordinary mind, nor help to establish how the average Briton regards the world as it stands more than two years after its much-trumpeted deliverance from tyranny. Setting aside, therefore, the exaggerated claims that we are either finished or enjoying a new lease on life, it can be said that the most serious ailment afflicting us is a deepening listlessness that makes us doubtful about the present and indifferent about the future.

The British are not through, but must be aroused from their apathy by a forceful and dramatic leader

The average Briton is not starving; his rations may lack variety, but they are quite adequate. He is not overworked; the introduction of the five-day week in the coal-mining industry, when every extra ton of coal (paradoxically enough) is needed to stave off industrial disaster, proves it sufficiently well. He has clothes on his back, loose money jingling in his pockets even after the income tax collector has cut heavily into his wages, and leisure to spend that money in a reasonable number of ways. Perhaps he recalls with a pang of regret the abundance of prewar days or casts envious eyes at the plenty of the United States, but the grimly salutary reminder of hunger, poverty, and misery stalking Europe is always there to jerk him back to his senses.

Still the oppressive listlessness remains. If, therefore, American commentators predicting the early demise of Britain owing to her grave economic position are wide of the mark, they come unsuspectingly close to the truth in assuming that she is still in great danger. We are indeed going through a crisis, of which the listlessness is a symptom. And the danger is spiritual rather than material. It is apathy among the people far more than imminent bankruptcy or industrial collapse that is surely

sapping our strength and threatening to reduce us to the last extremity of weakness. What then is lacking? Where lies the solution? Above all, what is behind this indifference?

Nearly eight years of bleakness have done a good deal to wear down Britain physically and psychologically to a tired shadow of her former self. Nearly two years of socialism, moreover, have done little to produce the "goods" promised and hoped for by the majority of the people. It is not yet certain that the British brand of socialism is unnecessary or unworkable. But it is pretty obvious that present-day socialist leaders are incapable of inspiring a weary nation. Repeated warnings from on high of the catastrophic outcome of falling production arouse less and less enthusiasm. No one doubts that the warnings are serious, of course, but few care to look beyond a harsh present to a harsher future round the corner. Quite clearly a new prescription is needed. The patient is very weak, and only a determined and clever physician has it in his power to nurse him back to strength. And the form which the new prescription should take can be summed up in the single word—inspiration.

The people of Britain want leadership. If only the right man seized the right moment to appeal to the dramatic imagination of the people, their outlook on a world torn by domestic upheavals and international uncertainties would become considerably brighter. And just as there are signs that *this* is the right moment, so there are signs that a miracle of revival may be in the making; undeniably, the plea by Winston Churchill for a United Europe, and George Marshall's more recent unfolding of the positive side of the Truman Doctrine are stirring the popular imagination.

When Mr. Churchill expounded his conception of a United Europe in London's Albert Hall in May, the British press and public responded quietly but favorably. In the three months since his first manifesto on the subject, relations between Russia and the West had suffered further decline; the sterility of the Moscow Conference in particular prepared the way for a change of heart here in Britain. This is not to say that the Churchill Plan had no critics. From the Communists on the extreme Left to the no less suspicious attitude of those voluble intellectuals who a short time ago welcomed Mr. Henry Wallace, there was outspoken denunciation. But criticism in the main was constructive. For it was apparently realized at long last that a move on the part of the West would in any case be interpreted by the Soviet as "reactionary." Nevertheless, Mr. Churchill con-

Famous Tenant

► In the history class of a New York school the teacher was discussing the life of George Washington. She called the attention of the children to a picture of Mount Vernon in their history books.

"That," she said, "is the house in which George Washington lived."

One of the boys looked at the teacher questioningly.

"What floor?" he asked.

Marion Degnan



finer himself to the most general statement of principles. A United Europe, evoking memories of the highest and firmest tradition of Christendom, was proposed as the basic ideal.

In the listless atmosphere of the Britain we have described, such an ideal might have reasonably produced far more impatience and doubt than it did. The fact that it did not—that, on the contrary, a surprising number of intelligent men and women were instantly drawn to the conception—meant and still means only one thing. A leader capable of firing the imagination and of summoning confidence and enthusiasm in the teeth of depressing reality had come forward. Winston Churchill reappeared as a dominating figure with a purpose and a message, even though few saw how that message could be made to correspond with the worsening conditions in his own and other nations. His word kindled hope; and one measure of that hope was the instant and unfriendly reaction aroused among Communists and fellow travelers.

"We are here to proclaim," Churchill told a great audience of six thousand people in Albert Hall, "that the spiritual conception of Europe shall not die. We declare, on the contrary, that it shall live and cast a redeeming illumination upon a world of confusion and woe."

THE objection that Churchill, for the time being out of office and perhaps out of popular favor, might be proving once again his political skill as an opportunist was unjust. A United Europe had long been one of his aspirations, though grappling with wartime crises had thrust it provisionally to the side. Yet the speeches delivered at Fulton, Missouri, and Zurich were an indication that he was taking up the old theme. But 1946 was unripe for any move; it took the political frustration and growing economic dislocation of the ensuing months to persuade the world that peace could be won only by boldness and farsightedness.

Soviet infiltration and domination were going on apace in Eastern and Central Europe; a bleeding and dismem-

bered Germany still lay hapless under the uncertain control of the Big Four, and agreement even among the three Western powers was still remote; the boring tactics of Communist parties in France, Italy, and elsewhere was at the same time undermining the stability of states seriously weakened by battle and occupation; and the Christian Democratic forces on which so much early reliance had been placed to offset the destructive influence of the extreme Left were proving unequal to the task. If in the eyes of some American observers, Britain appeared to be dying, and it in fact she was suffering from acute spiritual malaise—the condition of Europe as a whole with the added danger of anarchy is best left to the imagination. Small wonder, for instance, that General de Gaulle—more enigmatic and aloof than ever—should step into the limelight and announce his determination to rally Frenchmen against the disunity endangering them. Small wonder too that outsiders should question whether the possibility of a visible Gaullist dictatorship would be worse in the long run than the seemingly unavoidable alternative of an invisible Communist dictatorship. This was the somber back cloth against which the Churchill plan was projected.

Mr. Churchill's view that France and Britain should show the way and together "bring back the German people into the European circle" was a corollary of his central belief that the two countries must be the leaders and "founder-partners" of the movement. The nucleus, according to Mr. Churchill, was already there in the friendship binding together two neighboring peoples of contrasting character and outlook. But could such a nucleus live, grow, and prosper? Would a mere unofficial appeal be enough to call it into being? And would the present French and British Governments be ready or able to consider such a proposal, faced as they were with grave problems at home and abroad?

For her part, France was even less prepared than Britain to take Mr. Churchill literally when he spoke his mind in May. In fact, the general like-

likelihood was that the first favorable reactions to the United Europe plea would almost certainly be doomed to die a natural death. Then came the shattering announcement of Mr. Marshall's tentative approach to the complex European problem from an entirely new angle, giving it the appearance of an economic completion of the basic Churchill Plan. Without a doubt, the difficulties implicit in the joint working out of a program for the gigantic "Operation Rescue" are still all too plain; and the entry of Russia as a possible planner will probably hinder rather than help co-operation. Yet Marshall's continental approach is on its own plane as dramatic and inspiring as Churchill's.

What is more to the point, the Marshall Plan is more readily understandable, and therefore more likely to commend itself to millions of ordinary men and women throughout Europe whose supreme hope is for peace and for freedom from want. This certainly seems true in the case of Britain, and perhaps the spread of a sense of responsibility in regard to the more afflicted peoples of Western Europe may in time shake off the psychological malaise that grips her. To resume active leadership, with a positive end in view, may well restore self-confidence and bolster up the failing faith of so many Britons in their future.

But, even if the American aid for Europe scheme might help Britain in this indirect spiritual way, as well as hold out prosperity as a tangible goal for the Continent, the scheme itself promises to be a source of serious misunderstanding. Leaving aside the question of whether Congress and the American people will underwrite the Marshall Plan, there are several current assump-

tions which are definitely dangerous. Not the least is the notion—as fatal in its way as the notion that fear will oust ambition or revenge in preventing bigger and better wars—that an endless flood of dollars alone will save the West. It is overlooked that salvation does not lie merely in averting economic collapse. It is as true as ever it was that without a conscious effort to re-create the firm but invisible ties of the spirit which once held Europe in a living unity, the pouring in of money will only defer the day of reckoning.

A PARTICULAR responsibility rests on Churchill at the present time to regain the initiative and assert his undiminished popularity in championing the spiritual unity of Europe. But an even heavier responsibility weighs on Christians—and especially Catholics—not only to support his idealism but also to guide it. In Britain at present there appears to be little evidence of any marked Catholic interest in the Churchill Plan, nor has any specifically Catholic lay body or group shown its keenness to take up the enterprise. Admittedly two distinguished Catholics—Msgr. Ellis, the Bishop of Nottingham, and Michael de la Bedoyere, Editor of the *London Catholic Herald*—have been made members of the United Europe Committee; and it is known that Mr. Churchill himself values the sympathy and understanding of British Catholics in approaching a predominantly Catholic Europe. In a special sense, therefore, the initiative quite clearly rests with Catholics rather than with Mr. Churchill, and much hard, unspectacular work will have to be done if the ordinary parishioner—let alone the ordinary citizen—is to understand the immense bene-

fits derivable from a Europe united on a genuinely Christian foundation.

The alternative is grimly near enough to convince the most casual that this may be our last chance, and the good will of millions of Christians of other denominations is assured—provided Catholic leaders act now. It goes without saying that a campaign to win wholehearted and wide support for a United Europe must be a layman's campaign, one which will cut across all political allegiances and parties, and one which in time will rally the majority of those whose fundamentally Christian outlook gives them an instinctive, if feeble, grasp of Europe's and the world's essential need.

That outlook demands a means of expression; and Catholics in Britain bound by stronger ties with their coreligionists elsewhere and possessing a deeper appreciation of the dangers now besetting them—have a greater chance than has ever come their way to show boldness and solidarity. They can give a lead which will not only redound to their credit, but perhaps bring Europe within sight of real and abiding unity before it is too late. The next five months are vital to the peace of mankind. Will British Catholics bestir themselves? Or will they wait for the tide of national listlessness to turn and carry them along in the wake of whatever popular enthusiasm prevails between now and November? Mr. Churchill for his part will not be idle. But Mr. Churchill's infallibility in dealing with Catholic Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, and others is rather open to doubt. Without the active aid and advice of British Catholics, there is every reason to suspect that his infallibility will surely be disproved to Europe's lasting cost.

The English seek distraction from their troubles at pubs and cinemas. They find the peace but little better than the war



British Combine photos

ALL THE ANSWERS

Only once in her life had Helen given the wrong answer. That's why she hoped for a second chance

By HUGH B. CAVE

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

THE clock on the mantel must have been a minute or two slow, for when Helen turned the radio on, the commercial was over and the quiz program was under way. Barney's voice filled the apartment.

He had a nice voice, she realized. An easy, good-humored voice. That was why his program was so popular. Every morning he sat there in the studio, with a list of numbers scientifically selected from the telephone book, and called people up and asked them the answers to the most outlandish questions—just as if he knew each of them personally, as an old friend. And they loved it!

"Call number 1032," Barney was saying now. "Gosh, have I made that many calls since Telequiz began its radio career? Makes me feel like an old man with a long white beard! Well . . . the number is in the Central exchange this time, and we want an answer to the question, 'Which of the United States was the first to enter the Union?'" And then he dialed the number, and the sound of the dial clicks came over the air, building up suspense.

Curled up beside the chair that used to be his favorite, Helen wondered what his admirers would say if they knew, as she did, that Barney Gardner, their beloved Telequiz Man, was talking to them this morning for the last time. Tomorrow he would be on his way to a teaching

job at a small Midwest college—the sort of thing he had always secretly wanted—and some other announcer would be running his show.

Would his fans feel, as she would, that a little bit of their world had come to an end? A warm, comforting little fragment that somehow had always been important far beyond its size?

She frowned at the clock again. The office would be wondering where she was. Angelina's representative was due in from New York this morning and she should be there to meet him. Her position as head buyer at Kompton's Department Store was too precious an achievement to be risked for a mere whim!

But she had to hear this last program. Somehow, even if only by remote

control, she had to wish Barney luck in this new venture, his new life. He so sincerely believed that what he was doing was right.

You'd better believe it, Barney, she thought. There won't be much money at that far-off little college. . . .

From the ivory-colored midget radio on top of the open bookcase, his voice again soared cheerfully through the apartment, as the intimate details of his telephone conversation with the contestant came over the air. "Hello! Is this Central 1040? Is this Mrs. Hecker? Good morning to you, Mrs. Hecker! This is Barney Gardner, the Telequiz Man. Do you know our program, Mrs. Hecker? Good! You have the radio on now, listening to us? Wonderful!"

What Mrs. Hecker said was not, of





*From the midget radio his voice again
soared cheerfully through the apartment*

course, audible to his radio listeners—that was why Barney's own personality so thoroughly dominated the program. There was a little pause, and Helen thought, "I've got my radio on, too, Barney. But you haven't called me. You don't ever call me any more. . . ."

He *had* called her, back in a dim yesterday when, just out of school and full of tremendous plans, she had been working part time at the city library. He'd called her so often that once, half seriously, she had suggested he take an apartment at the Maylin Arms, where she lived then with two other girls, and save his telephone money toward certain items they would eventually need for that small white cottage in the suburbs.

Oh, yes, he'd called her. And two

evenings a week, when they were both free, they'd gone out together. To the movies, or window-shopping, or just to walk through the city's quiet old streets.

We were in love, Barney. Remember? We signed our Christmas cards "Helen and Barney" that year. We did everything together. We had fun. . . .

"The question is a hard one, Mrs. Hecker," Barney was saying. "But by answering it correctly you can win fifteen dollars. We start with an award of five dollars, you know, and add five more for every contestant who gives a wrong answer. Now are we all set to try, Mrs. Hecker? Here it is: 'Which of the United States . . .'"

She won't know, Barney, Helen thought. She's a wonderful woman, comes into the store often, but she won't

know which of the United States first entered the Union. She won't even care, because she has a lovely home on Elm Street and a grand guy named Joe for a husband, and two sweet little girls with pigtailed . . .

Only the clever ones know the answers, Barney. Girls like me. Girls with sense enough to give up their silly notions for good, solid jobs. Ask me, Barney. It was Delaware, wasn't it? Sometime around 1787? I can quote poetry by the yard, too—because I was going to write it some day—and tell you how far away the moon is. Do you care? You said once that I was a walking encyclopedia. But when you wanted us to be married—on the salary you'd some day be getting as a teacher—my answer wasn't the right one, was it?

But I'm successful, Barney. I make more money than you probably ever will. I wear smart, modern clothes and I'm attractive, Barney. People say, "Look, there goes Helen Sherman!" when I pass them on the street.

Mrs. Hecker won't know the answer, Barney. She—

"Did you say Delaware, Mrs. Hecker? That's right! That's absolutely right! Delaware joined the Union December 7, 1787, and you're fifteen dollars richer for knowing it!" Barney's excitement was genuine. He loved to have people win, so he could share their elation. "A check for fifteen dollars will go out to you in today's mail, Mrs. Hecker, and thank you for taking part in our program. Thank you very much!"

A wistful smile touched Helen's lips. Barney, she thought, I'll bet Mrs. Hecker is dancing around her vacuum cleaner or something, playing Queen of the May. Her Joe will be so proud of her. And they can use that fifteen dollars. It isn't much, but they can use it. Children's clothes are so high-priced these days . . .

"Well, now, we start a brand new question, with a brand new five dollars for the answer!" Barney was saying. "Let me see . . . the number picked by our scientific selector this time is in the East exchange, and the question is number 372 on our list. Here we go again . . ."

Helen glanced at the clock again. She should be at the store, not sitting here.



Barney's own personality thoroughly dominated the program

But this was good-by. A last good-by. She whispered it: "Good-by, Barney. Train wheels turning, and a million miles of track streaming out behind to put you beyond reach. How far away is your little Midwest college? How far is the moon, Barney? Once in a while remember me, will you? Remember Helen? I have everything I want now, everything."

Her eyes were not focusing right, and she jabbed at them with a handkerchief.

► If an idea struck some people, it would knock them silly.

—ADVERTISER'S DIGEST

Then, almost with relief, she heard the telephone ringing behind her in the hall. As she went to answer it, she turned the radio off. Good-by, Barney. "Hello?"

"Is this East 8772?"

The phone slipped from her fingers, but she caught it. Her other hand groped for the edge of the telephone table and fastened there with all its strength. "Yes," she whispered. "Yes."

"Is this Miss Sherman?"

"Yes . . ."

"This is Barney Gardner, Miss Sherman—your Telequiz Man. Do you know our program?"

She reached for the chair by the table and sank into it, shaking all over, holding the phone as if at any moment it might explode in her grasp. He could be fired for doing a thing like this! He was supposed to call only the numbers chosen by the selector—a device that gave everyone in the phone book an equal chance! He was risking his job!

She remembered then. He was going away. Leaving town. Forever.

"We have a brand new question, Miss Sherman. You can win five dollars for giving the correct answer. Would you care to try for it?"

She whispered "Yes" because she could think of no graceful way to escape. But why had he broken the rules to call her? Why did he have to open old wounds that had almost healed?

"All set, Miss Sherman? Here's the question: For five dollars—what is the name of the famous poem by Thomas Moore that contains the lines, 'But while fame elates thee, Oh, still remember me?' Now don't hurry, Miss Sherman. Take all the time you need. You have a full minute to think of your answer . . ."

She had no voice. Thousands of people must be listening. Hundreds of them would know her. All her friends, her customers! At the office the radio would be turned on—it always was—and they would be waiting with held breath for

her answer. Mr. Kompton especially—poised to rub his hands together and exclaim loudly, "See the kind of girls I have working for me? Smart!"

But while fame elates thee, Oh, still remember me! I know the answer, Barney, she thought. You know I know, too. You marked those very lines when you sent me Thomas Moore's poems for my birthday, after we quarreled.

"Thirty seconds, Miss Sherman. I'm sure you know the answer," Barney said. "It's a very famous poem."

"It—it's a poem called 'Ill Omens,'" Helen said quickly, "and the next line is something about the young heart of a maiden . . ."

It was his turn to be jolted. She heard him catch his breath. But he recovered quickly, and his tone was professional. "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Sherman. I'm terribly sorry! I wish I could tell you the correct answer, but of course I can't do that; we have to keep asking the question until someone does answer it. But"—and his voice was suddenly cheerful—"you have won a consolation award of two dollars for trying, Miss Sherman. Thank you so much."

SHE went slowly to her chair and sat staring at the silent radio. In a moment the program would be over. In her mind she saw him rushing around, saying good-by to the people at the studio.

Good-by, Barney, she thought. Have—fun.

The phone was ringing. That would be the office. She answered it mechanically.

"I thought you knew all the answers," Barney said gently.

She caught her breath. Abruptly she sat down.

"In front of all those people, too," Barney murmured. "Oh, my! Now they'll probably all rush for a copy of Thomas Moore's poems to read 'Ill Omens'—just as I did."

"Oh," she said.

"I like your poem better than mine," Barney whispered. "Much better, Helen. 'And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden herself will steal after it soon . . . ' I like that."

"When—when are you leaving, Barney?"

"I'm leaving here right now."

"Oh."

"That two dollars you won—I'm coming over to deliver it in person." His voice held her. It was as if they were walking together in the evening, close to each other, making up dreams again. "We'll need every dime, darling. No one knows much about us out at that college—yet. It may be years before I get to be president."

Children deserve the best in education, but
too often are served a mess of pedagogical
stew by swivel-chair specialists

Now It's the Parents We Spank



A JUDGE in New York City recently sentenced a mother whose minor son indulged in the pastime of shooting at people. There are towns where the parents of young offenders are haled into court, places where parents are fined if their adolescent offspring get into trouble on the streets after 8:00 P.M. We are told that police everywhere blame, and favor punishing, the parents for the sins of their children.

This is, in a way, a healthy sign. At least, where the placing of censure is involved, public opinion is coming to realize that parents are potentially positive social factors. Yet, viewed in another light, this attitude is a manifestation of the common impulse to step on a worm. Let anyone deny that in the past forty years American parents have been made to resemble the crawling invertebrate!

Parental delinquency? Yes. American parents have in many cases failed to train and guide wisely their sons and daughters. Why? Sometimes through negligence. But in many cases—pathetically many—through grossly misguided good intentions. In these cases we should point the accusing finger first at those who have denied authority to parents and have tried to usurp the function of the home in the training of the young. This would bring us directly to the door of the secular philosophers of our time—particularly the educational philosophers.

Of course it is simpler to assail the parents, who, in spite of Parent-Teacher organizations, are generally fumbling and inarticulate. But it is not cricket. Parents did not make the pagan philosophies on which children have been encouraged to expand at random. They have been bewildered or awed or cowed

by the new theories, so different from those by which their own childhood was shaped; but, because parents desire the moon in a silver box for their offspring, they have meekly surrendered their responsibilities at the drop of a theory.

Early in this progressive century, there was expounded the principle that the public educational system should assume full responsibility for the development of the child as a social being. No longer would the schools pull patiently in harness with parents, community, and church in training the young. The secular educational philosophers, moving out ahead, wanted to drag not only the child but the parents and the entire citizenry as well. The impulse for this dislocation came not so much from public pressure as from a swelling consciousness of a mighty mission in public education's big minds and a simultaneous lessening of respect for individual integrity through several misleading, but widely accepted, trends of thought.

The first acts in this new movement were sufficiently in the open for those opposed to fight them. Floyd Dell, some forty years back, advocated the removing of young children from the corrupting influence of their parents. Efforts were made to force all children to attend public schools. The Supreme Court put an end to those attempts.

But the work of the educational brain trusters, which was more difficult to understand and, therefore, to evaluate, went on unimpeded. In 1903 John Dewey, after enunciating the truism that "the child is an organic whole," went on to say: "The ethical aim which determines the work of the school must ac-

cordingly be interpreted in the most comprehensive and organic spirit. We must take the child as a member of society in the broadest sense and demand whatever is necessary to enable the child to recognize all his social relations and to carry them out." The moral responsibility of the public school, under this principle, was not to the parents or the teacher-employing community, but to "society"; and since the society which the educators envisioned was a secular one whose integrating principles were yet to be supplied, it came about that many top schoolmen, casting aside accepted standards, tried to draw the nation toward their own concept of a better life.

This messianic view of education, capturing the emotion behind Dewey's philosophy without its balancing features, became a fashion in thought. It formed the theme of home magazine articles and of child-rearing columns in newspapers. It captured the minds of teachers. It revolutionized classroom procedures, subject syllabi, and public school curricula. It transformed prosaic school buildings into palaces geared to gracious mass-student living. A great teachers' college boasted that it alone had, within a generation, carried the new philosophy to half the public school supervisors of the country.

And the parents? "School isn't what it was in our day!" they cried, and tried to adapt their ways to the new order.

Meanwhile, the more public education has thrown its weight about, the further the parents have been driven from the field. "Do not try to help Johnny with his school work," the mothers and fathers have been told at parents' meetings, "for we have new methods and you would only create con-

By HELEN M. McCADDEN

fusion." Then: "Do not impose your old-fashioned standards and ideals on your child in this brave new era." And, finally: "Come to school to us, you parents, and we will tell you how you can help bring up Johnny our way."

The inflation of the role of education has been accompanied by a growth in importance of the American child. While regarding the parents more and more as children, philosophers have treated the children more and more with the esteem once proper to adults. The citizens of tomorrow must practice airing their opinions and acting without let or hindrance; the citizens of today, meanwhile, must hold their own thoughts and impulses in check and create a Utopian environment in which the young may express themselves without fear of penalty or risk of failure. This, in the name of preparing the child for life!

Many teachers' resignations have been caused not so much by low salaries as by the need to escape from the false position in which such a philosophy places a man or woman who really has wisdom to impart to the young. But parents could not escape by resigning.

There have been parents, indeed, who have guided their children wisely, but it is not they who have been cited for commendation by the advanced educational thinkers of our time. In the parents' magazines, edited under high educational auspices, those fathers have been praised who have come down to the level of their sons, playing games with them, being not parents but pals, straining themselves to be boys again when what the lads really needed was a man to look up to. This cult of pretended immaturity on the part of grownups has deprived many a lad of the model of a dignified parent on whom to pattern his life.

The emphasis on self-expression among children has filtered from the big minds of the twentieth century into classroom and printed page, and from school, radio, and periodical into the American home. Many American communities are almost exclusively child-centered. Not only do children monopolize bus seats and have free run of lawns and living rooms as they never did in Grandmother's day, but in many towns the one fine building is the school and adults exist socially only as members of the PTA, as grade mothers, or as boy scout fathers. The family comedies on the air and the teen-age comics in the Sunday supplements do their bit toward giving adult misery company.

In one beautiful suburban village, which boasts three up-to-the-minute elementary schools and a junior and senior high school, each with its acres of playground, the parents were told by a visiting child authority: "The reason

why your children have been smashing school windows may be found in the hedges around your gardens."

Philosophically, the don't-pervert-the-child-with-civilized-controls idea is not new. Eighteenth-century Rousseau built his beautiful educational schemes largely upon the notion that in the state of nature the young human was perfect and that the child should be reared in a social vacuum. In our generation this theory reappears in an ideology which would make of both school and home "happy" places for the child—that is, places where teacher and parent hop about removing obstacles from the path of youth. If the child goes wrong, it means that some erring oldster has left an obstruction in the way of his spontaneously noble course.

WHEN Wordsworth, a century ago, wrote, "The child is father of the man," he could not foresee what a wry joke his line would become in the child-dominated homes of our America. For Wordsworth's poetic concept of the child trailing clouds of glory which are dimmed by contact with a soiled world has been picked up and painted in a thousand colors by Whitman and the followers of Whitman, whose democracy involved a universal youngness, an avoidance of the restraints imposed by lessons, libraries, codes of morality, and other devices for perpetuating the achievements of civilized man. To the Whitmanite, man is at his best when he is his uncivilized self, communing with the moving spirit and no barriers between. Where, then, is the consistency of calling a youth a juvenile delinquent when he is simply expressing a natural impulse?

The ironic aspect of the accent on child expression in public education is

that, if carried to its logical conclusions, it defeats the very purpose which its exponents have acclaimed most loudly—preparing the future citizen for democratic living. Many a child of solicitous, devoted parents becomes as difficult to live with as O. Henry's Red Chief, and has to be sent off to camp or boarding school that his parents may survive. Maturity involves an adjustment of self to law, to the rights of others, to the conventions which man through the ages has found essential to a decent living together. Good citizenship requires a sense of responsibility—a weighing of actions and decisions in the light of standards, a seeing of one's self in proper focus in regard to the rest of the community, the country, and the world. A child about whom parents and teachers have revolved for eighteen years has a bitter job of readjustment to find his proper place in the solar system when he graduates from high school.

There was a time when the age of reason in an individual was supposed to begin at six or seven years. From that age on he was taught the difference between right and wrong and expected to act accordingly. But our new-fashioned theorists make little of right and wrong, which are, they say, merely relative anyway. Moreover, in their eagerness to protect the child from all sense of error, of failure, of sin, they strain themselves to find external causes for his socially undesirable conduct. "There must be something at fault in the home," they say. "Perhaps the boy's father is jealous of him. Or the lad has an insufficient allowance. Or his mother expects too much of him." But rarely: "The boy has done wrong. He must realize that society later on would make him suffer for such a misdeed. He must determine to avoid such error hereafter." Repentance, as an



There are parents who guide their children wisely and well, but it is not they who are cited for commendation by the advanced educational thinkers of our time

Harold Lambert photo

instrument of reformation, is regarded by many advanced educators as psychiatrically harmful.

A nationally noted guidance expert recently declared at a conference of teachers: "We guidance people always try to find a way out for the poor little devils." This was not a sentimental boast; it was a statement of principle. In the school at which this expert is an administrator, a boy guilty of starting a fire in a waste-basket was being cajoled into visiting a psychiatrist by the promise of membership in the school band. Unfortunately for himself, this boy, whose perverse path was being strewn with artificial roses by high-souled theorists, would in another three years be living in a world in which there are positive penalties for destroying property and endangering lives. After eighteen years of being excused and pampered, he would suddenly be expected to grow a moral sense and be held criminally liable under the law.

Such is the magic of the birthday that is the threshold between adolescence and the age for military service!

A brilliant young woman of twenty-one, now alternating between employment offices and mental institutions, asked one of her former teachers: "Why, when I was in high school, didn't any of you get me to toe the mark? Why didn't you make me do my assignments?"

"I guess we all believed you were something of a genius, and we didn't want to thwart the inspiration."

"And why, when my mother came to complain that I was staying out late nights, didn't you back her up? Why was she told not to worry, to let me find my own way?"

"Your mother seemed too old-fashioned for a girl like you."

"You know what she did after she left the dean's office? My poor frustrated mother went to a tavern and got drunk."

"You unfortunate girl."

"As far as I'm concerned," remarked the young woman, "I guess I'm done for. But for the sake of other kids and their parents, I wish you school folk would give your pupils the security of a few good rules to live by, and the habit of holding to them."

Modern adolescent education is in many ways like a hunt in which all the streams have been artificially dried up, the jumps have been leveled, and the fox has been shot, stuffed, and left standing at the goal before the chase begins. The energetic child, finding education has left no hazards to challenge him, wanders from the pastime and gets into unstacked fields—and trouble. His parents meanwhile wonder why, having so many advantages and freedom they themselves did not enjoy, the child cannot go straight.

The swelling of the sphere of educa-

tion and the focusing on the child *per se* instead of on the child in relation to society and civilization tell only part of the story in the submerging of the American parent. Other, related forces have tended also to the same result.

Take, for example, the idea of economic determinism. If those philosophers are accepted—and they have been much the vogue—who hold that the un-

► Brevity: the next best thing to silence.
—COSMOPOLITAN

derlying motive of all human endeavor is economic security and advancement, and that all other aims are just so much camouflage, then justice and high purpose are mere tricks or blinds in the warfare to mislead the other fellow. The current situation in human endeavor, where achievement is measured almost exclusively in dollars per week and not in satisfactions or in social usefulness, makes the casual observer a ready disciple of the economic determinist.

"Why," says many a devoted parent, "should I make my son law-abiding when it is more important for his future well-being that he be tough?"

In his question, the parent echoes the guidance counselor, who would put it something like this: "The boys who obey all the rules and get the good marks often become repressed neurotics. Today's cream is tomorrow's cheese. Therefore I will give attention and privileges to the rebel, the troublesome child, who has the spirit to be a leader of tomorrow."

The doctrines of Freud have also had a marked influence on educational thinking. The average layman knows just enough about Freudianism—about inhibitions, neuroses, repressions, and complexes—to be afraid that positive influence by parent or teacher might contaminate the child and distort his personality. The legends about mental crack-ups in maturity, that were traced to some small but effective unpleasantness in childhood, have caused parents with the traditionally dangerous "little knowledge" to refrain conscientiously from interfering with the character development of their children. Their consequently uninhibited offspring have often become such a problem that the well-meaning mothers have sought refuge in entertaining or careering, sending the young fry off to schools or leaving them to company of their own choosing. Result: parental delinquency!

The pseudo-Freudian horror of making a child uncomfortable, even in his error, has also afflicted the schoolmen. Witness the guidance leader who, in a school notorious for pupil absence and lateness, complained that the attendance

supervisors who began a campaign for greater punctuality were making the pupils "emotionally disturbed."

Another unsettling force in the twentieth century has been the pursuit of masculine achievement for females. Co-education has too often meant giving the girls the same education that has been found desirable for boys. That wife and motherhood will, and should be, a career for the majority of women, and should, if undertaken at all, outclass any other career, has not entered generally into the secular educational picture. Women in industry and the professions have been handed an extra curtesy by the intelligentsia, especially since the demands of two world wars have touched them with a little halo.

Many mothers have felt, in this materialistic, deterministic age, that they were serving their offspring best by earning extra comforts for them and letting nature take its course with their characters. And weren't the schools, anyway, acting as father and mother?

BOTH teachers and parents, in subscribing honestly if shortsightedly to mental fads of the day, have cast off the courage to guide those younger and less experienced and (presumably) less wise than they. Children, as a result, have often grown without training in, or respect for, the habits and laws to which society will expect them, as adults in the community, to conform.

Fortunately for the sanity of America, the fashionable modes of secular thought have not been followed by all. Teachers who love their profession and understand their pupils have adapted what is practicable in the new theories and left the pedagogical flimflam to occupants of swivel chairs and writers of books. Many fathers and mothers, with sound common sense and a steady vision, have brushed aside the pressures of PTA lecturers and home magazine editors and have given to their sons and daughters the same sort of training for life, the same moral codes, which their own parents had successfully imparted to them. Churches with long traditions and deep roots, and the basic law of the land and its defenders, have also conserved essential standards. There is evidence too that ex-servicemen who have learned from experience that impulsive self-expression is not a workable rule of life will (if their wives let them) do something about the situation.

The main fault of American parents—and it is a serious one—has been their gullibility. Before we indulge further, however, in the spanking of parents, let us take the stick, ideologically, to those whose well-intentioned, popular theories have left the doors wide open for children to wander into ways which the law calls delinquent.

The Crusading "Post-Dispatch"

By PAUL TREDWAY and HARRY WILSON

THE *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is the last of the great crusading newspapers that once dominated American journalism. Most of its contemporaries long ago forsook the role of white knight. But the *Post-Dispatch* searches for corruption—especially political corruption—as hungrily as it ever has since the late Joseph Pulitzer founded the paper sixty-nine years ago.

The late Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska called the *Post-Dispatch* "the *Manchester Guardian* of America." *Newsweek Magazine* said it "has won more crusades, perhaps, than any other American daily." The *Saturday Evening Post* stated in 1939 that in any "professional ranking" of American newspapers the *Post-Dispatch* would be among the first five.

The trail which the *Post-Dispatch* follows most of the time was blazed by its founder when he wrote in 1907 the platform which still is carried over its masthead:

"I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles; that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied

It has grown wealthy without growing fat, but not without becoming opinionated

with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty."

The *Post-Dispatch* crusades confidently, even smugly. It sniffs constantly for something to crusade about. If its opinions do not win prompt acceptance, it is prone to cram them down people's throats, to hammer readers into mental submission by sheer volume of words.

Success at this has given the *Post-Dispatch* what many St. Louisans consider an undue regard for its own importance. This was reflected in a speech two years ago before *Post-Dispatch* employees by Joseph Pulitzer, the founder's son and present editor and publisher.

"If Hitler had ever reached St. Louis," said Pulitzer, "probably the very first thing he would have done would have been to make a beeline for the *Post-Dispatch* office and 'tear its platform' to pieces."

Few honest citizens will quarrel with the *Post-Dispatch* platform. But it is probable that the German dictator

would have been even more interested in the other St. Louis dailies. Both the conservative *Globe-Democrat* and the liberal *Star-Times* were all out for aid to Britain at a time in 1940 when the *Post-Dispatch* was—with the possible exception of the Patterson-McCormick press—the most violently isolationist newspaper in the United States.

What Pulitzer might have said with more plausibility is that had Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall and his oilmen friends led an invading army into St. Louis in the 1920's, they would have called first on the *Post-Dispatch*. For it was that newspaper which brought into the open the malodorous Teapot Dome oil scandal of the Harding Administration.

This exposé focused national attention on what had been regarded as a little brother of the great *New York World*, the paper to which the elder Pulitzer devoted his later years. It also gave the *Post-Dispatch's* Washington Bureau a prestige that was long overdue.

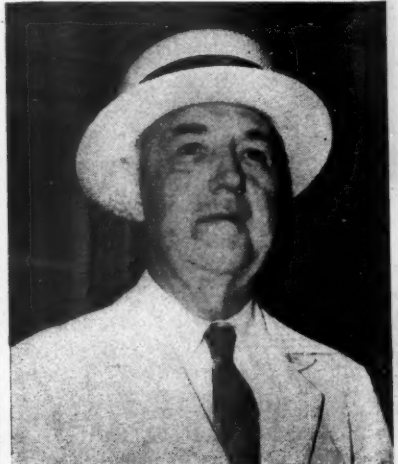
A brilliant *Post-Dispatch* reporter, the late Paul Y. Anderson, won a Pulitzer prize in 1929 for his Teapot Dome stories. The *Post-Dispatch* itself has won two of the prizes set up by its founder, and five other staff members have won individual Pulitzer awards. This gives the *Post-Dispatch* a Pulitzer prize box



Founder Joseph Pulitzer made the "Post-Dispatch" aggressive and influential



His father's editorial principles guide present publisher Joseph Pulitzer II



The "Post-Dispatch" earned its reputation as a crusading journal under O. K. Bovard

score second only to that old "merchant of news," the *New York Times*.

The *Post-Dispatch* is an afternoon newspaper. Its weekday circulation of 261,180 is well above that of the afternoon *Star-Times*. In recent years it has fallen behind the morning *Globe-Democrat*, which has a circulation of 278,806. On Sundays, when the *Star-Times* does not publish, the *Post-Dispatch* outsells the *Globe-Democrat* by 387,000 to 344,914. In total volume of display and classified advertising, the *Post-Dispatch* runs ahead of its two competitors.

The crowded, dingy *Post-Dispatch* newsroom is austere in appearance and spirit. Pulitzer and his son, thirty-four-year-old Joseph, Jr., have offices on the same floor. The paper's managing editor, Benjamin Harrison Reese, sits by tradition at a desk in the newsroom.

Levity is not encouraged on the *Post-Dispatch*. Editors impose a semimilitary discipline on reporters, rewrite men, copyreaders, and copyboys. When a man's work does not please, he is informed of that fact promptly, loudly, and at length.

Post-Dispatch city editors, in particular, have been notoriously hard-boiled since the days of the sadistic Charles E. Chapin, who went from the *Post-Dispatch* to the *World* and from there to Sing Sing, where he served an unexpired life term for murdering Mrs. Chapin. The present city editor, Raymond L. Crowley, a heavy, sarcastic man, runs the city room the way Capt. Bligh ran "H.M.S. Bounty."

Most of the employees are convinced they work on the best paper in the country. This attitude stems in part from a strict indoctrination. The idea of *Post-Dispatch* superiority constantly is impressed on them. They are as fiercely devoted to their paper as an undergraduate to his football team.

This loyalty is nourished by a generous wage policy. And outstanding work is rewarded with liberal bonuses. One reporter was given \$7500 for bringing back alive the victim of a sensational kidnaping case. Two years ago a pension plan was set up which is entirely financed by the paper. One-tenth of the annual dividends is split among about ten top editors and managers, under the terms of the founder's will.

The *Post-Dispatch* is largely the product of three men, two of whom are now dead. They are the elder Pulitzer, a penniless Hungarian immigrant who became one of journalism's giants; his son, who has carried on in his father's tradition; and the late Oliver Kirby Bovard, the paper's managing editor from 1910 to 1938.

The elder Pulitzer worked on a German-language newspaper when he arrived in St. Louis after the Civil War. In 1878, when he was thirty-one years old, he bought the debt-ridden *St. Louis Dispatch* at a courthouse sale for \$2500. He effected a partnership arrangement with the *St. Louis Post*, an afternoon rival, to form the *Post and Dispatch*. The next year Pulitzer bought out the *Post's* owners and the *Post-Dispatch* was born.

An able businessman as well as an aggressive editor, the elder Pulitzer made the *Post-Dispatch* an influential, prosperous newspaper. Then he acquired the *New York World* and lost all but fiscal interest in his St. Louis property.

By early middle age, overwork had taken its toll. His health and eyesight began to fail. Pulitzer spent the twenty years before his death in 1911 a blind, health-seeking world traveler. He roamed the seas aboard his yacht, cabling a

stream of directives to his editors in New York.

It is no exaggeration to describe the elder Pulitzer's will as his greatest mistake. If this peculiar document was his estimate of the relative abilities of his three sons, it was a poor one. Herbert, the youngest, was given a six-tenths interest in his father's newspapers. Ralph, the oldest, got two-tenths. Joseph received what has been called an ugly duckling's one-tenth. The final one-tenth went to a group of chief editors and department heads.

Pulitzer's reasons for this division will never be known. The will was redrafted three years before his death, shortly after a bitter quarrel with Joseph. Under the original will, Joseph would have received the six-tenths share, Ralph and Herbert two-tenths each.

Ralph and Herbert took over the mighty *World* after their father's death. Joseph already was on the *Post-Dispatch* and he stayed there. The *World* slowly disintegrated. It was sold in 1931 to the Scripps-Howard chain and merged with the *New York Telegram*. The *Post-Dispatch* is the Pulitzer trust's only remaining property.

There is no doubt today that Joseph Pulitzer is his father's spiritual heir. Ralph, now dead, and Herbert long ago gave Joseph full editorial control of the St. Louis paper. They have had no voice in its policies. In addition, Joseph's salary was boosted to make up for his small share of dividends from the trust. In 1936, for example, he was paid \$254,923.

Despite clashes with his stern father, Joseph Pulitzer reveres his memory. He tries to run the paper the way he thinks its founder would. A bust of the elder

The News You Get--XI

Post-Dispatch photo

Globe-Democrat photo



The editorial page is enlivened by the trenchant cartoons of D. R. Fitzpatrick

City editor Raymond Crowley rules the paper's city room with an iron hand

The paper's crusading spirit continues under Managing Editor Benjamin H. Reese

Pulitzer dominates the *Post-Dispatch* lobby. And the platform he wrote in 1907 dominates his son's thinking.

Part of Joseph Pulitzer's inheritance was poor eyesight. Secretaries read to him. To stave off total blindness, he must keep in first-class physical condition. He spends much of the year out-of-doors, shooting ducks, which he can see when they are outlined against the sky, and fishing in Canada.

PULITZER keeps in touch with his office, telephoning his editors and bombarding them with suggestions written on yellow memo paper. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., is being trained to succeed his father. A naval officer during the war, he now is first vice-president of the Pulitzer Publishing Company. When his father cannot be reached, the third Joseph runs the *Post-Dispatch*.

It is no discredit to Pulitzer to say that he inherited along with the *Post-Dispatch* one of the great newspapermen of all time. Pulitzer was twenty-six years old when his father died. For a number of years thereafter, O. K. Bovard, not Pulitzer, was the *Post-Dispatch*.

Under Bovard's guidance the *Post-Dispatch* made the reputation it has today. It exposed many of the practices of the Ku Klux Klan; proved that the *Chicago Tribune's* Jake Lingle was not a press hero but a shadowy fixer for the underworld; forced the resignation of Federal Judge George W. English, an unscrupulous and tyrannical East St. Louis, Ill., jurist; found 40,000 "ghost voters" on the St. Louis registration lists; and uncovered the Teapot Dome scandal.

Bovard, a man with a passion for anonymity, once was the highest paid managing editor in America. Although his name was held in reverence in newspaper shops, it never appeared in *Who's Who*. He refused to mail back the blanks. Even in St. Louis he was not well-known.

Bovard was a hard man. A tramp reporter once approached him for a job. Bovard didn't look up from the proofs on his desk as the man pleaded. Finally, in desperation, he exclaimed: "But Mr. Bovard, I've got to live."

"Not necessarily," said Bovard, continuing to study the proofs.

At the same time, Bovard has been described as the best friend of every able man who ever worked for him. He would coach a reporter on how to get an important story but would not take any credit for himself.

Bovard's resignation in 1938 was front-page news throughout the nation. He quit, many people thought, because of a disagreement with Pulitzer over the *Post-Dispatch's* growing opposition to the New Deal. But some of Bovard's

friends give this version of the break:

Pulitzer and Bovard did not quarrel over the New Deal. If anything, Bovard disliked it even more but for opposite reasons. Pulitzer considered Roosevelt too radical; Bovard considered him too conservative. To Bovard, Roosevelt was a "phony liberal," a man who had betrayed the masses.

In his later years Bovard became interested in the literature of Marx, Lenin, and other molders of Communism, and made several trips to Russia. Members of the *Post-Dispatch* staff believed that during this period Pulitzer was torn by conflicting emotions—anxiety over Bovard's deepening radicalism and fear the paper would suffer without him.

Bovard, who died in 1945, never made public the reason for his resignation. He quit in characteristic fashion, scribbling a terse announcement with a blue pencil on a piece of copy paper and posting it on the bulletin board.

The two greatest reporters developed by Bovard were Anderson and the late John T. Rogers. Anderson was a restless, energetic news gatherer and a versatile writer. His reputation was im-

~~~~~  
► We wish to be happier than other people, and this is most difficult of attainment, for we believe others to be happier than they are.  
~~~~~

—MONTESQUIEU

~~~~~  
pressive even before his Pulitzer prize. A congressional committee which investigated the East St. Louis race riot of 1914 said of Anderson: "He ran a daily risk of assassination and rendered invaluable public service by his exposures."

Rogers was a legman with an unusual talent for gaining the confidence of gangsters. Criminals who would not talk even to their own lawyers would tell all to Rogers. He was the reporter who received the \$7500 bonus. Rogers won a Pulitzer prize for his 1927 investigation of Judge English.

The men most responsible for the *Post-Dispatch's* editorial page are Ralph Coghlan, its temperamental editor, and Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, its renowned cartoonist. Coghlan writes forcefully, but his zealous editorials lack the consistency of Fitzpatrick's cartoons.

Coghlan is unpredictable. He executed a 180-degree editorial turn in 1940 that had even the paper's best friends wondering where it was going. He screamed that President Roosevelt was "America's first dictator" when the United States transferred fifty overage destroyers to Britain, but a few months later supported FDR's bid for a third

term. *Post-Dispatch* readers still marvel at this editorial full gainer.

Fitzpatrick's soft pencil drawings also illustrate the editorials in *Collier's Magazine*. But he is no double-jointed idea man like *Collier's* editorial writer, Reuben Maury of the *New York Daily News*, who can support either side of a subject with equal fluency.

The cartoons Fitzpatrick draws for *Collier's* do not contradict those in the *Post-Dispatch*. A man of strong convictions, Fitzpatrick refused to do anti-Roosevelt cartoons when the paper came out for Alf Landon in 1936. He half expected to be fired for his defiance. To his credit, Pulitzer merely remarked: "Sorry you couldn't go along with us."

Although its editorial policy has, on occasion, been confused, the *Post-Dispatch* generally follows a steady, independent course in national and international affairs.

It was one of the few large newspapers which supported the President in his fight to retain price ceilings. It plugged vigorously for veterans' housing and took Truman severely to task when the Wyatt program was scuttled.

The *Post-Dispatch* reserves its choicest epithets for politicians like Republican Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio, whom it has dismissed as "an honest Harding," and Democratic Senators Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi and Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee. To the *Post-Dispatch*, Bilbo is "the basic blatherskite" and McKellar "the dean and premier spoilsman of the Senate." To Bilbo, the *Post-Dispatch* is "that rotten, mudslinging, lying, malicious newspaper."

The No. 1 St. Louis target of *Post-Dispatch* editorial fury has been Postmaster General Robert E. Hannegan. When he was Democratic city chairman, Hannegan was one of the leaders in an abortive plot to keep a Republican who had been elected Missouri governor from taking office.

**S**INCE then, the *Post-Dispatch* has regarded Hannegan with suspicion and, often, loud alarm. It lost a fight to keep President Roosevelt from appointing him St. Louis Collector of Internal Revenue. Hannegan climbed from that job to his present eminence.

The political opinions of the *Post-Dispatch* have not always met with applause from liberals. It supported Roosevelt enthusiastically in 1932 but surprised even its own staff when it came out for Landon in 1936. *Post-Dispatch* men remember Landon with a sense of horror.

The paper has been and is—though to a lesser degree—pro-labor. It supported the New Deal's labor program. But recently it has become convinced that public interest requires the regula-



## A TIME FOR MEMORIZING SPLENDOR

By Sister M. Bernetta

This is a year for memorizing splendor,  
For learning landscapes as it were by rote,  
Urged by the soul that dreads a near surrender,  
Warned by the fleeting warbler, note on note;

A time to stare at long-familiar places,  
To notice how the Lombardies grow thin,  
Show more of sky; to read what lovely phrase is  
Enscrolled in gold upon the baldachin;

To realize the chapel roof resembles  
The russet of a robin's breast; and each  
Catalpa leaf, an emerald heart that trembles  
In windy light, safe out of human reach.

For was and is and will be ring this season  
Three magic times about, for no good reason.

President Truman's press secretary.

For foreign coverage the *Post-Dispatch* relies on the three press associations and on the *Chicago Daily News* and *New York Herald Tribune* syndicates. Its "dignity page" carries interpretative articles by diplomats, scientists, and experts in various fields. A staff writer covered the Nuremberg war criminal trials.

Local news receives thorough coverage in the *Post-Dispatch*, but not the prominent display given it by the other St. Louis newspapers. It seldom plays up local feature stories. When it does, they tend to be ponderous. Its Sunday rotogravure section is one of the best in the country.

Technically, Pulitzer has kept the *Post-Dispatch* more than abreast of the times. Eight years ago it began to experiment with broadcasts on ultra high frequency of specially prepared facsimile newspapers. In addition to its radio station, the *Post-Dispatch* has the only operating television station in St. Louis.

The old liberal hopefulness in the intrinsic goodness of the swing to the left has deserted the *Post-Dispatch* in recent years. Editorially, it seems to be re-examining the touchstones of the 1930's to see if they still are valid.

LIKE many liberals, the *Post-Dispatch* no longer is rock-sure. A year ago, for example, it hoped the United States and Russia could work together in the postwar world. That dream has been abandoned. It still wants to develop the United Nations to the utmost. But, meanwhile, the *Post-Dispatch* urges its country to do what it can to halt the march of Communism.

There are two schools of thought

about crusading. One holds that its disappearance has led to a venal press; the other that newspapers should print only the news and let readers make up their own minds about the corruption involved.

The *Post-Dispatch* takes a dim view of the second theory. It has little patience, for example, with the noncrusading *New York Times*. In an editorial about a year ago, on the fiftieth anniversary of the purchase of the *Times* by the late Adolph S. Ochs, the *Post-Dispatch* gave its frank editorial opinion of America's best-known newspaper. This was that the *Times*, great though it is, acts too much like a gentleman for its own or its readers' good.

The editorial, which indirectly revealed as much about the *Post-Dispatch* as it did the *Times*, criticized the New York paper because: "In leaning over backward to avoid the role of muckraker, the *Times* occasionally defaults in its obligation to give the reader all the news."

The *Times*, said the *Post-Dispatch*, "seldom will itself lead in stories of fraud or scandal, no matter how much the health of the body politic demands its publication." To the *Post-Dispatch*, that is journalistic negligence. It makes the *Times* "a merchant—however superb—of news rather than a challenging journalistic force."

Nobody ever has accused the *Post-Dispatch* of being too gentlemanly or of leaning over backward. In serving as a watchdog of what it considers the public interest, the *Post-Dispatch* has grown wealthy without growing fat. A liberal newspaper in a conservative city, it has nonetheless been a dominant local influence. And its reputation extends far outside its circulation area.

tion of big labor as well as big business. It reluctantly came out for the Taft-Hartley Bill and supported a Missouri law which outlaws strikes in public utilities.

Not all of the editorial bread the *Post-Dispatch* casts on local waters is gratefully received. Labor circles were less irked by the paper's support of the Taft-Hartley Bill than by its persistent campaign for the adoption in St. Louis of the so-called Toledo plan for averting strikes.

Threats to the public domain always arouse the *Post-Dispatch*. The latest Pulitzer prize given a member of its staff came in 1946, for a militant attack on a plan, supported by California oil man Edwin W. Pauley, to give coastal states control of the submerged lands from low tide to the three-mile limit.

Long before Pearl Harbor the *Post-Dispatch* broke off its embarrassing flirtation with isolationism. It now argues for universal military training, favors the Truman program of aid to Greece and Turkey, has no use for Henry Wallace, and is bitterly anti-Franco and anti-Peron. It warns its readers not to fight Communism by supporting reactionary elements abroad.

The *Post-Dispatch* has campaigned, so far in vain, for a Missouri Valley Authority similar to the Tennessee Valley Authority. It goes all out for public housing and slum clearance and is now, as ever, ready to pounce on any threat to civil liberties.

Editorial campaigns tend to spill over into the *Post-Dispatch*'s news columns. Writing about the record-breaking Midwestern floods this year, *Post-Dispatch* men kept wandering onto the subject of a Missouri Valley Authority. People with a kind word for MVA are given news coverage which often is out of proportion to the importance of what they have to say.

The crusading zeal of the *Post-Dispatch* is as intense under Managing Editor Reese as it was under Bovard. The paper fires just as frequently but scores fewer bull's-eyes. Reese was a humorless, hard-driving city editor for twenty-one years under Bovard, however, and thoroughly indoctrinated in Bovard's technique of handling a staff. Although not as ruthless, Reese too has his moments.

The physical appearance of the *Post-Dispatch* is conservative. It is well made up for an afternoon newspaper, but its old-style headline type is not as legible as that used by many newspapers today.

Probably the most respected *Post-Dispatch* department is its six-man Washington Bureau, headed by Raymond P. Brandt, a capital veteran. The bureau has two Pulitzer prize winners, Harris and Charles G. Ross. The latter currently is on leave to serve as



*Composer Schumann (Paul Henreid) loves pianist Clara Wieck (Katharine Hepburn) in "Song of Love"*

# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

## British Blunder

In turning out a motion picture as distorted, dangerous, and downright degrading as **BLACK NARCISSUS**, the British motion-picture company headed by Arthur Rank has done a distinct disservice to the entire industry. Far more important than that, however, is the slur cast at an order of nuns depicted as neurotic, dissatisfied, frustrated women who go completely to pieces a short time after they establish a convent in a remote area of the Himalayas.

Whether these nuns are "Anglo-Catholic," as the picture indicates, or not is beside the point. We defy Rank or the Rumer Godden who wrote the novel on which this libel was based to point out any real-life counterparts of this group they have singled out as the "heroines" of their ambitious Technicolor production.

Briefly, the story tells of the rapid moral disintegration of the nuns who are sent to found a hospital in the wilderness. They work among the natives but, bit by bit, their loneliness and frustration drive them on to catastrophe. Faith and hope and self-respect are tossed to the Himalayan winds, with hatred, despair, and desire taking root. The result is neither pretty nor true and, wild distortion that it is, certainly has no place on the motion-picture screen.

This is the sort of cheap display that gives audiences pause. If any group in our chaotic world should be above and beyond the reach of the screen sensationalists, it is the women whose record of devotion and service to all has been one of the few spotless records in our civilization. Yet even they fall victims to the tawdry sensationalism that too often invades the screen.

We rightfully expect more respect, greater honesty, and more common sense from those who have the responsibility of producing the world's movie entertainment. Now more than ever, as paying customers, we have the obligation to protest vehemently the presentation of such material. The

world is in too precarious a condition and the subversive elements too dangerous for us to permit lies, distortions, and wild imaginations to go unchallenged and unchecked.

Rank and his British associates have heretofore won the admiration of American audiences for the high quality of their product. This time they rate severe censure and nothing more. If they are as astute as we have been led to believe, they will shelve this bad dream before it receives wide distribution. In their own interests, if not for the sake of honesty and truth, it would be the wisest move.

## Reviews in Brief

MERTON OF THE MOVIES has been dusted off, tailored to fit the Red Skelton talents, and developed into a thoroughly enjoyable bit of slapstick. Against a background of the silent-picture studios, the Harry Leon Wilson story rollicks along with emphasis on the Skelton mugging as a movie-struck young man who gets his chance to emote. Virginia O'Brien, Alan Mowbray, and Gloria Grahame cooperate in making this good fun for adults who like their humor sans subtlety. (M-G-M)

Deanna Durbin is at her vocal best in **SOMETHING IN THE WIND**, an adult offering of slight construction. Cast as a radio disc-jockey involved in a series of ludicrous situations, she breezes through the dramatic portions with a fair amount of skill and rises to the heights when the story stands stock-still long enough to permit her to sing. Accompanied by Jan Peerce of the Metropolitan Opera, she does *Il Trovatore*, then joins Donald O'Connor for a few swing numbers, proving again her vocal versatility. The story is a minor matter and the performances of the supporting players merely adequate, but when Miss Durbin sings all else can readily be forgiven. (Universal-International)

With a Presidential campaign in the offing it is perhaps only natural to expect the release of a documentary like **THE ROOSEVELT STORY**, a compilation of newsreel shots with a running commentary—all supervised by Elliott Roosevelt. The collection of both silent and sound sequences is interesting, even if the commentary leaves much to be desired as the impartial observation it claims to be. (Tola)

**HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS** is, despite its insinuating title, an uproarious comedy suited to the entire family. Bordering on the slapstick though never quite losing control, it

tells of a young advertising executive who becomes involved with a crackpot inventor and sponsors some of his fantastic ideas. He is saved from ruin only by the astuteness of his wife, admirably played by Lucille Ball. Franchot Tone does well as the gullible executive, with strong support from Edward Everett Horton, Mikhail Rasumny, and Gene Lockhart. A bright and laugh-filled comedy without a single leer in its lines, this rates attention. (Columbia)

A Technicolor musical fantasy with all the trimmings, *DOWN TO EARTH* is more boring than bounding as it tells of how Terpsichore, the Muse of the Dance, visits the earth for a confab with a musical comedy producer. He is putting on a swing show and she drops in to persuade him to produce a more decorous musical. Suggestiveness in song, dance, and costume keeps this off the recommended list. Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks, James Gleason, and Edward Everett Horton head the cast. (Columbia)

The elusive chap whose name has been plastered from here to Tibet and back gets celluloid glorification in the mildly amusing and novel *KILROY WAS HERE*. Set in a small college where an ex-GI named Kilroy finds that the publicity value of his cognomen is magical, it features two former child stars, Jackie Cooper and Jackie Coogan, in the leads. Both boys turn in snappy performances and help make this minor-budget comedy doubly enjoyable. Clean and sprightly throughout, it can be recommended for the entire family. (Monogram)

Minus the usual clichés employed so often by the mystery-movie makers, *LURED* rates as one of the year's best melodramas. The story has been told before, but in this instance production details, acting, and writing lend freshness and zest to a realistic and suspenseful depiction. It tells of the mysterious disappearance of eight girls—all of whom have answered advertisements in the personal column of a London paper. Scotland Yard officials persuade an American girl working in a dance hall to answer various suspicious ads in the

hope of uncovering the killer. Plentifully spiced with humor to counterbalance the tense portions and with superb characterizations by Lucille Ball, George Sanders, Charles Coburn, Cedric Hardwicke, and Boris Karloff, this is a worthwhile mystery yarn for the grown-ups. It is not recommended for the youngsters. (United Artists)

A musical treasury of Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt compositions is combined with a semifactual biography of the immortal *Tramuei* composer in *SONG OF LOVE*, an expertly contrived and completely satisfying drama for the music-minded of every age group. It is the story of Schumann's career, his romance with pianist Clara Wieck, the many disappointments and difficulties he encountered, and finally, the bitter tragedy of his last days. Absorbing throughout, both in the musical and dramatic passages, and acted with unusual skill by Paul Henried and Katharine Hepburn as the Schumanns; Robert Walker as Brahms; Henry Daniell as Franz Liszt, and Leo G. Carroll, this measures up to its high aim in every way. It is one of the year's more rewarding productions and should not be missed by admirers of fine music and good acting. (M-G-M)

War stories will undoubtedly intrigue the moviemakers for many years to come. We who sit in the darkened auditoriums can only hope that the majority of them will offer more in the way of entertainment and dramatic power than *GOLDEN EARRINGS*. An implausible, often ludicrous, charade about a British Intelligence Officer who disguises himself as a gypsy to escape the Nazis, it has all the elements of the old dime-novel routine without any of its saving grace of humor. Marlene Dietrich's performance as an amorous nomad is so bad you begin to believe it is a deliberate burlesque, and Ray Milland looks as uncomfortable as only an unhappy actor can. For some reason Quentin Reynolds is included, adding to the general confusion. Morally this is off the beam, too, with some unnecessarily embarrassing suggestive sequences. (Paramount)



Lucille Ball is the lovely, potential victim of Boris Karloff in the melodrama, "Lured"



Margaret O'Brien and Cyd Charisse in a scene from "The Unfinished Dance"



Husband Franchot Tone cross-questions wife Lucille Ball in "Her Husband's Affairs"





Deanna Durbin (shown with John Dall) is a disc-jockey in the melodious "Something in the Wind"

Daphne du Maurier's *HUNGRY HILL* serves as the basis for an alternately grim and tiresome tale of a three-generation feud in Ireland. Produced in the British studios, this bitter narrative occasionally reaches the heights of dramatic effectiveness, but often bogs down as the result of ponderous direction and poor editing. High light of the production is the group performance of the cast, with Margaret Lockwood and Dennis Price in the leads and several members of the famed Abbey Players contributing outstanding vignettes in lesser roles. As has been exhibited so much in recent months, the British moviemakers once again show that they are masters of realism and detail. This is for the discriminating adult audience. (Two Cities: G.F.D.)

Winsome Margaret O'Brien gives evidence of adolescence in *THE UNFINISHED DANCE*, without losing any of her tremendous charm and appeal in the process. A Technicolor musical with a background of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School, it is essentially a slight story dependent in large measure on the O'Brien performance and two beautifully produced ballet sequences for its success. Few of the screen's highly publicized stars have the ability to hold an audience as completely as this serious, pigtailed little lady and certainly no other child star in movie history has been as sincere and unaffected. She makes professional moviegoing less of a chore than it ordinarily is. A recommendation for the family. (M-G-M)

William Powell and Myrna Loy make what is described as their final appearance as Nick and Nora Charles in *SONG OF THE THIN MAN*. Cut in the pattern of the series' previous offerings, this is smooth, humorous, and breezy as it follows the detective team through a routine murder case, this time with jive music and a Nick Charles, Jr. added. There are more chuckles than guffaws, but the net result of it all is enjoyable enough as it depicts the life of a sleuth as Hollywood sees it. A refreshing and amusing bit of adult froth. (M-G-M)

*DESERT FURY* is a modern-day Western, tough as cow-hide and abounding in displays of violent passions and deep-dyed conflicts. It is not a pretty picture and definitely not designed for the children, but it is acted with considerable skill and directed with an eye to pace rather than characterization. The Technicolor backgrounds are stunning and the setting is novel enough to keep audience interest alive

throughout a story that occasionally trips over its own attempts to be tough. Most of the characters are as unsavory as you would probably find in the Nevada gambling palaces which serve as the settings for this study of the Wild West *a la* 1947. Burt Lancaster, John Hodiak, Lizabeth Scott, Mary Astor, Wendell Corey, William Harrigan, and Jane Novak are all effective in their roles. Strictly for those who like their melodramas rough and raw. (Paramount)

### The Movie Ads

At long last the members of the Motion Picture Association have turned their attention to the matter of salacious and misrepresentative advertising of their product. At a recent meeting the MPA added five sorely needed amendments to the Code of 1930, designed to raise standards of publicity and advertising. The new regulations are a direct result of the criticism leveled at the industry during the past year when Howard Hughes and his associates were trying to find out just how far they could go in ballyhooing *The Outlaw*.

Good taste should be the guiding factor in any advertisement and, in general, the major motion picture companies have kept their publicity within bounds. Some independent producers, described by Charles Schlaifer, chairman of the MPA Advertising Council, as "a few mavericks," have been the culprits in most instances. The Hughes case is a good example. When faced with the realization that he had one of the poorest pictures ever made, Hughes and his now-famous publicity man decided to shoot the works on suggestive advertising. The result reflected on the entire industry and caused decent-minded moviegoers not only annoyance but anger at being forced to see such exhibitions of low taste in the movie trailers, newspaper ads, on billboards, and even in the skies overhead.

Misrepresentation is an advertising fault not peculiar to the motion-picture industry, but it is a major problem, as any prospective customer can testify. In most cases the ads, the lobby displays, and the trailers bear only accidental resemblance to the movie itself and often keep audiences away from worthwhile films. In the interests of honesty, better business, and good taste the exhibitors should abandon these midway tactics. They benefit none and attract few.

Exploitation on the right level will not only assist the industry and please the public, but it will ultimately attract many of the millions who are now frightened off by hysterical, cheap, and ridiculous ballyhoo methods. If Hollywood is serious in its claimed endeavors to raise standards, this stricter regulation of advertising and publicity is certainly the best place to start.

### The Vatican Singers

Under the baton of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Licino Refice, acclaimed by Toscanini and other music-world great as one of our outstanding living composers, fifty-four singers from four Vatican Choirs are touring the United States. Sponsored by an interfaith committee, the choristers, recruited from the choirs of the Sistine Chapel, St. John Lateran, Basilica Santa Maria Maggiore, and Basilica San Paolo, will visit ninety-nine of the principal cities in the planned four-month tour which will take them as far as Honolulu.

The concert program includes much new sacred music never heard here before, in addition to the familiar works of Marenzino, Palestrina, and other composers of sacred music. There are thirty adults and twenty-four boys in the group, the first singers from the Vatican to visit America since the late Msgr. Casimiri brought the "Roman Polyphonic Singers" over in 1927. Special permission was secured from His Holiness to enable the group to make the trip and also for the use of cassocks and surplices identical with the traditional ones worn in Vatican choirs.



# SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor • Anonymous letters will not be considered

## Interest Money

*Is the Catholic Church opposed to charging interest on borrowed money?*—C.J.C., PATERSON, N. J.

The question of the morality of interest has had a long history. Under the more ancient systems of economics, loans of money or of natural goods (such as grain for food or seed purposes) were made almost exclusively to persons in distress. This led to the natural conclusion that it was not in conformity with charity that the distress of an individual be made the occasion for profit. It was on the basis of this attitude that Church laws were made against the taking of interest.

A rigid adherence to these laws became impossible with the development of a new economic system, with the result that a number of reasons and exceptions were introduced by which the general prohibition of interest was in many ways nullified. It was recognized that, by loaning his money for commercial enterprises, the creditor deprived himself of the opportunity of gain and ran a risk of losing his investment. This loss of gain and the risk involved were considered worthy of financial compensation. The compensation obtained under such titles was but another name for interest.

In the course of time, it became necessary for the common good that the state regulate the making of loans and the taking of interest, and the Church recognized these laws as a just title for charging interest. In this manner Church laws against taking interest practically ceased. The new *Code of Canon Law* put the abolishment of the prohibition against taking interest into concrete form in Canon 1543.

## Divorce of Henry VIII

In Hilaire Belloc's book, "*Elizabeth, Creature of Circumstance*," it is stated that had Catherine consented, Henry could have received from Rome an annulment of their marriage. He also states that practically anyone with money and prestige could, at that time, obtain an annulment on some ground or other. All this adds up to wonder about the traditional explanation of the Pope's brave stand against the demands of Henry.—J.M.D., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

To give the background of the difficulty expressed in the inquiry, we are forced to give a lengthy quotation from Belloc's book. Beginning on page 26, Belloc writes as follows:

"Marriage was indissoluble, of course. Divorce in our sense of the term was unknown and was still inconceivable. But annulment was, with the really important, a matter of three conditions only: wealth, influence, and consent. If you had wealth you could fee the service of ecclesiastical lawyers who fattened on the ill deeds of others, if you had influence and placed your plea for annulment of marriage on this or that cause you would be favourably heard, but that most potent of the three factors was then—as now with modern divorce—consent.

"If a man and his wife who were in high position desired to have their marriage declared null and void, the first thing was to discover 'an impediment': i.e., some condition which would make the marriage null and void from the start. Now an impediment of some kind could always be discovered as a matter of course. There had been built up in the scheme of morals at the end of the Middle Ages a vast mass of 'impediments' which rendered a marriage null and void *ab initio*. . . . Annulment of a marriage was therefore rare, but people above a certain degree of income and influence could always get their annulment of a marriage which both parties desired to end. Above a certain high level of income no marriage need stand—if both parties to it agreed to admit defects in the original contract."

At present there is not a space to detail the complicated web of circumstances and schemes to procure a declaration of nullity in the case of the marriage between Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon. What we must concentrate on is the way Belloc has presented the general question of annulment in the passages quoted above.

To say the least, his manner of presentation is not happy. It is difficult enough to explain the Church's position on marriage and divorce, especially to non-Catholics, without having an author of Belloc's standing make rash general statements which can only cause further confusion. The quoted passage may be classified by some as effective writing, but it certainly is not accurate writing, and accurate writing is the first requirement in a historian.

Let us take the statement: "There had been built up in the scheme of morals at the end of the Middle Ages a vast mass of 'impediments,' which rendered a marriage null and void *ab initio*." What are the facts in the case? During the Middle Ages, and not merely at the end of the same, there were four prohibitory impediments (which rendered a marriage, without dispensation, unlawful but not invalid), and thirteen diriment impediments (which rendered a marriage invalid

when contracted without a dispensation in case the Church could dispense). The Church can dispense only those diriment impediments which are set up by ecclesiastical law; she has no power to dispense impediments of the natural law or the divine law. To those already in existence, the Council of Trent added the impediments of abduction and clandestinity. In a strictly technical sense, clandestinity is not an impediment. It refers to the form of the contract, that is, a marriage entered into without the presence of the properly authorized priest and witnesses.

The point of interest here, however, is that it is surely a gross exaggeration on the part of Belloc to call the number of impediments existing at the time of which he wrote "a vast mass." In fact it gives rise to a doubt as to whether he has taken the trouble to investigate the true situation.

In the present legislation of the Church there are four prohibitive impediments and thirteen diriment impediments, and they are practically the same as prevailed at the time of which Belloc writes.

What of wealth and influence? No doubt these played an important part in getting a hearing and perhaps even a favorable decision in certain cases. Not all churchmen in high positions upheld the ideals of the Gospel and the Church. Many took up careers in the Church for what secular emoluments they could acquire and were not beyond holding a cynical attitude toward the sanctity of the marriage bond. Thus, Woolsey, a cardinal and chancellor to the king, did everything in his power to promote the schemes of Henry VIII, and when he failed, lost the royal favor and was on his way to be tried for treason when death overtook him. Abuses must be admitted, but it was no more true at the time of Henry VIII than it is now that only the wealthy could have their matrimonial cases heard before ecclesiastical tribunals.

It should also be remembered that local ecclesiastical courts in earlier times exercised greater jurisdiction over matrimonial cases than is true at present. This factor also led to abuses, due to ignorance or even corruption. That is why such lower courts have been greatly restricted in their power to give final decisions in matrimonial cases.

Belloc also says: "Now an impediment of some kind could always be discovered as a matter of course." This is simply a wild statement and hardly merits a refutation. By their very nature, impediments can affect relatively very few marriages, and hence it is ridiculous to say that "an impediment of some kind could always be discovered as a matter of course."

There is no need to go further into Belloc's presentation. The undeniable historical fact is that Henry was refused an annulment for the simple reason that he could not prove that there existed any diriment impediment at the time of his marriage to Catherine. He claimed that the impediment was affinity, for Catherine had previously been married to Henry's brother, Arthur, whose death had opened the way to the throne for Henry. Whether the impediment ever existed at all is doubtful, for Catherine always claimed, and it was assumed by all who were familiar with the circumstances, that her marriage with Arthur, a youth of fourteen, who died five and half months after the marriage, was never consummated. At any rate, to make sure that no impediment did stand in the way, a dispensation was sought and it was granted by Pope Julius II.

The only logical road open to Henry was to try to persuade Catherine to swear that her marriage to Arthur was consummated and then make the plea that the dispensation given for the marriage had been insufficient, or in any case invalid, because it was beyond the Pope's power to grant a dispensation to enable a man to marry his sister-in-law. Naturally, Catherine, an upright woman, refused to enter into any such deceitful scheme.

When Henry could not get his annulment from Rome, he denied the authority of the Pope in England and set himself up as the supreme ecclesiastical power in the realm. On

April 23, 1533, Cranmer, who had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury and had declared before his elevation that he would perjure himself in the matter of his oath of fidelity to the Pope, declared Henry's marriage to Catherine null and void. In the meantime Henry's religious scruples seem to have disappeared. In his petitions to the Pope, Henry had declared that he was moved by the distressed state of his conscience to seek freedom from his marriage with Catherine. Before Cranmer's declaration of the nullity of that marriage, Henry had privately married Anne Boleyn, who already was with child, on or about January 25, 1533. Three years later the compliant Cranmer declared the marriage of Henry and Anne null and void, and so the matrimonial adventures of Henry went on.

### Marriage by Proxy

*Does the Catholic Church approve of proxy marriages?*

—C. J. C., PATERSON, N. J.

The Catholic Church has always recognized the validity of marriage by proxy. In the present law, marriage by proxy is regulated by Canon 1089, which defines with greater precision than had been done before what formalities must be observed.

Before May 19, 1918, a proxy could be appointed orally, but such a procedure at present would be invalid. Present legislation requires that the delegation of a proxy to act in the name of another in the contracting of a marriage must be made in writing. Also the name of the party with whom the marriage is to be contracted must be specified. The choice is not left to the proxy.

To safeguard the authenticity of the above document, it must be signed by the one who gives the commission and also by the pastor or bishop of the place where the document is drawn up. The signatures of two witnesses may be substituted for that of the pastor or bishop. If the party who wishes to contract a marriage by proxy is unable to write, mention of this must be made in the document and another witness added to those regularly required.

Other rules set forth in Canon 1089 may be of interest: "If, before the proxy makes the contract in the name of the principal, the latter has revoked the commission, or has fallen into insanity, the marriage is invalid, even though both the proxy and the party with whom the contract was made would be unaware of the change."

"In order that the marriage be valid the proxy must discharge his office personally." He cannot delegate this function to another.

### Wilde and Wolfe

*I would like to have some information on two authors, Oscar Wilde and Thomas Wolfe. A friend of mine informs me that Wolfe is by far the greatest American writer. Personally I never heard of him and would like your opinion of his works.*—T. K., BRAINTREE, MASS.

Oscar Wilde (1856-1900), the second son of a famous Irish surgeon, was born in Dublin. At Trinity College he distinguished himself in the classics. Later he went to Oxford, where he began to cultivate the eccentric manners which were to characterize him the rest of his life. His literary reputation rests principally upon the following plays: *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892); *A Woman of No Importance* (1893); and *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895).

Wilde's success as a dramatist allayed for a time certain suspicions which were entertained regarding his moral character. At the height of his success, however, in 1895, he was tried and convicted on a morals charge, involving the son of the Marquis of Queensberry, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. After leaving prison in 1897, Wilde lived



principally on the Continent. In 1898, he published his powerful *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. He died at Paris on November 30, 1900. On his deathbed he was received into the Catholic Church by a Passionist priest attached to St. Joseph's, the English church in Paris.

Thomas Clayton Wolfe (1900-1938) was born at Asheville, North Carolina, which is the "Altamont, Old Catawba" of his fiction. His father, a stonecutter, is the prototype of his fictional Oliver Gant. His mother, who was a member of a puritanical mountain family, is the original of the mother of Eugene Gant, whose drab life and eventual escape parallels Wolfe's own youth.

Wolfe's principal works are *Look Homeward, Angel* (1929) and a sequel, *Of Time and the River* (1935). A posthumous novel, *The Web and the Rock*, was published in 1939.

All the works of Wolfe are personal, revealing his experiences and his search for an enduring faith. His search proved futile—ending in some kind of a vague belief that the fulfillment of the American spirit is yet to come.

A Wolfeian cult on a small scale has developed, but it can appeal only to those, who like Wolfe himself, are anchorless and think an individual's experiences, no matter how insignificant and futile, are all that count in the world. To call Wolfe "the greatest American writer" indicates a lack of critical acumen and is sheer nonsense.

### Hypnotism

*Does the Church approve hypnotism?*—C. J. C., PATERSON, N. J.

The phenomena of hypnotism and employment of it as a curative agency have often captured the popular imagination. The hypnotic state can be classified as an artificial sleep. This hypnotic sleep is generally induced by a suggestion of going to sleep, but to produce quicker results other sense impressions are sometimes used, such as, soft and monotonous sounds, stroking with the hand, looking steadily at the fingers or at any other small object until fatigue sets in. During the hypnotic state the subject can be more or less controlled by suggestion.

It is a quality of normal human nature to react to strong impressions. Neither high intellectual powers nor strength of will protects one against them. Hence, liability to be influenced by suggestion (suggestibility) is a common trait of human nature. During the hypnotic state the subject is more open to suggestibility than when in a normal waking condition, and it is this that gives the hypnotizer whatever control he may be able to exercise over the one hypnotized.

It is said that there is never a complete surrender of the will by the hypnotized subject. Every hypnotizer meets with failures, due to the fact that the subject refuses to obey, especially in cases where the act commanded is liable to render the performer ridiculous. It is also maintained that the subject will not yield at all to suggestions that are grossly repugnant to his normal moral sense. On the other hand, persons lacking strong convictions, or who are morally weak and defective, could be misused for unsocial acts.

Without going further into details, we shall now take up the moral aspect of the question.

The Church has not condemned hypnotism unreservedly, but only that form of it which is tainted with superstition, or which leads to moral evil. Certainly the constant submission to hypnotic suggestion is to be condemned. It is wrong to abdicate the use of one's reason and will, except for a very grave cause and after taking precautions that this power of another over one's intellectual faculties will not be abused. It is also beyond question that the frequent submission to the unnatural state of hypnotic sleep will in time cause mental and physical debility. Other features of hypnotism to be condemned are theatrical performances and amateur experi-

ments by unskilled persons. Just as nobody may be put under the influence of narcotics for purposes of entertainment, so no one is permitted to give hypnotic exhibitions to amuse others.

There is a legitimate field for the use of hypnotism in the hands of competent physicians of good moral character. Hypnotism has been used successfully to cure or at least alleviate ailments of a hysterical nature, but even in this limited sphere its value has been questioned. On this point Dom Thomas V. Moore says: "Hypnosis has frequently been made use of in psychotherapy. It is, however, of doubtful value. There may possibly be some forms of physical disability of functional origin that would not yield to suggestive treatment, but would be more amenable to hypnosis. I have not, however, found it necessary to employ hypnosis for functionally disabled patients. They can usually be cured and sent away in the time that it would take to bring an ordinary subject into the hypnotic sleep." (*Dynamic Psychology*, p. 298)

### Saint Alice

*Is there a saint by the name of Alice? If so, please inform me when her feast is celebrated and give some account of her life.*—A. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The name Alice is considered to be interchangeable with the names Adela and Adelaide.

St. Adela, after the death of her husband, Baldwin IV of Flanders, retired to a convent near Ypres where she died in 1071. The saintly life she had led at court was intensified in the convent. Her feast is observed on September 8.

St. Adelaide was the daughter of Rudolph II of Upper Burgundy. When only two years of age she was promised in marriage to Lothaire, son of Hugh of Provence. At sixteen years of age she married Lothaire and had one child before the death of her husband. In 951 she married Otto the Great, and of this union five children were born. The death of Otto involved Adelaide in many troubles due to political intrigues and jealousy, but she ever showed herself generous and forgiving to enemies. She founded and restored many monasteries and convents and supported the endeavors of missionaries laboring for the conversion of the Slavs. Death came to her at a monastery of her foundation at Kehl, in the year 999. Her feast is kept on December 16. She was never formally canonized, but her feast is observed in several German and other dioceses.

### Revival of the Dead

*If "it is appointed unto men to die once" (Heb., 9:27), what is the explanation relative to those who were raised from the dead, as Lazarus, the daughter of Jairus, etc.? Were their deaths real? If so, did they die a second time?*—T. O'D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

St. Paul was not stating an inviolable law in the words quoted from his Epistle to the Hebrews. Even taken without its context the statement enunciates something to which there have and will be so few exceptions that it can be taken as a universal truth. What the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses of this ninth chapter of the Epistle have principally in view is the contrasting of the death of men to that of Christ.

Those who were revived by Christ were really dead, that is, their souls had departed from their bodies. They did not, however, undergo the particular judgment at the time of death for that would have settled their fates once and for all. We do not know exactly in what kind of state their souls existed before being reunited to their bodies. In this respect their experience differed from what ordinarily occurs at the instant of death. They did die a second time.

# Dear Old Dad

By PAUL EIDEN

Illustrated by HARVEY KIDDER

OUR home was a fine suburban house. Father was fond of saying that he was like all other rich businessmen; he was a country boy who had gone to the city and worked hard all his life so he could make money enough to live in the country when he was an old man. Father had a theory that every child should get his "bringing-up" in the country—which was where father had gotten his, of course.

Father was a successful man. He had built his valve manufacturing company from nothing by hard work and by

all five of us. Every few days he would call us into his study for a pep talk as if we were a group of his salesmen. No sales manager ever demanded more of his underlings. Father was a perfectionist.

I will never forget the day I, the eldest, brought my first report card home. Full of confidence, I skipped into his study. "Father," I shouted, "my average is 95!"

Father was horrified. "Why isn't it 100?" he demanded.

I stoutheartedly replied that it was the best I could do.

Father hung his head and was silent for a full minute. I squirmed. "That's not good enough, son," he said. "It should be at least 99." He launched into a long lecture. He told me he believed a boy who brought home a report card with a general average of 95 had a weak character. I believe he would have pointed up the lecture by taking me over his knee if Mother had not heard him.

She came in from the kitchen and stood in the doorway, arms folded under her apron, eyeing him grimly. Father's mouth hung open and he blushed. Now it was his turn to squirm.

"Give the boy a quarter," Mother said when Father was thoroughly cowed.

"What?" he bellowed. "Whatever for?"

"For bringing home such a wonderful report card," Mother said. "His teacher told me it was the best in the class."

Father grumbled and reluctantly palmed a quarter into my hand. "You're spoiling the boy," he said.

"Thank you, Papa," I said.

Father's face was deadly serious. "Don't thank me, son," he said. "Just try to do better next time."



*He told me a boy who brought home an average of 95 had a weak character*

using his abundant common sense; another of his theories was that to be a happy person, one must be taught early in life never to be a lazy or muddled thinker. When his business grew affluent, he turned it over to a superintendent and announced that he was going to spend all his time at home making his healthy but not overbright children into geniuses. It was a difficult time for all concerned. Father loved us and our mother, but he had the worst temper west of the Mississippi.

Father's home education program was strenuous. He supervised the play of



*Frozen, sleepy-eyed, Father and I stumbled to the door. It was another telegram*

Well, that was Father. And that was the way life in our house went—Father struggling to make his kids into supermen and Mother striving to get him to leave the child-raising in her hands. What Father really needed, as I suppose she knew, was something to occupy his mind as his business had done.

Father eventually found a new interest when an old friend took him on his first trout-fishing trip. Father came back from the North Woods a new man. He immediately ordered a cabin built in Michigan and went on a rod-and-fly buying orgy that made his study look like the storeroom of a sports goods merchant. He was happy again.

Trout fishing helped his temper, too. Instead of blowing the roof off periodically, he developed the habit of packing a bag and hurrying off to Michigan whenever something displeased him too much.

I remember those spontaneous trips well. The first one came the winter I was ten years old. Father had persuaded Mother to visit her sister in Chicago, and I rode down with them when he drove her to the station. It was the first time Mother had been separated from her brood since I was born.

**F**ather was a successful man—and he had the worst temper west of the Mississippi, a combination fatal to peace

"Now don't worry," Father said as he put her on the train. "Just have a good time." Mother promised she would, but I could tell from her face that she was going to regret the trip from the first chuff of the locomotive that pulled her away from home.

Mother's train arrived in Chicago at midnight. At 1:30 A.M. our doorbell rang. Teeth chattering, Father and I crawled out of our beds and opened the door. A shivering Western Union man handed Father a telegram. It was from our worried mother. It read: "Are the children all right?"

Father scrawled "yes" on the back of the telegram and handed it to the messenger. "Send that," he said savagely.

"Ask her why she telegraphed us," I suggested. I was curious.

"Okay," Father said. "Make it read: 'Yes. Why?'" he told the Western Union man.

Father's telegram must have reached Mother about 3 A.M. Our bell rang again at 4. Frozen, sleepy-eyed, Father and I stumbled to the door. It was another telegram from Mother. She had replied: "Because."

Father left for Michigan immediately after Mother returned from Chicago. It was too cold for trout fishing, so he just stayed in the cabin and sulked for a week.

My Mother was always able to make herself explicit, even painfully explicit, when conversing with Father, but her telegrams and notes were the vaguest imaginable messages.

One day in the summer I was home from my first year at boarding school, Mother telegraphed Father to meet her

at the 4 P.M. train. I rode with him to the station again. Just as my Father parked the car we heard the whistle of the oncoming train. "Ah!" he said:



*Every few days  
he would call us  
into his study for a pep  
talk. He was a perfectionist*

## THE CALL

*By Brother Rudolph, C.F.X.*

I have to laugh—laughter that's deep—  
Thinking it over:  
Cloud-dappled sky, leaves blown to gold,  
Sweet scent of clover,  
Making me call all things of earth  
My own forever.  
Transient is youth, bitterly brief—  
Such wild endeavor!

Valiant the songs, carelessly great,  
I'd prune and fashion.  
Didn't I have, wouldn't I hold  
Youth's fire and passion?  
Birds on the wing, sound of the tide  
Rising and falling;  
All the world's ache, beauty and pain,  
Pleading and calling.

Wisdom's a gift, granted it was  
In loving kindness:  
Logically sure, certain and strong,  
Light in my blindness.  
Wrapped were all hopes, each plan and dream;  
In veils of laughter.  
Why should I be king for a day,  
Fool ever after?

Earth was on fire, dawn was aflame,  
Cities were burning;  
Abraham's gift wanted of me—  
All of youth's yearning.  
There was the Road, there was the Cross,  
Silence had spoken;  
Vows that were made, forever would leave  
The Rapture unbroken!

He was always pleased when he timed things perfectly.

The train did not stop. The cars flashed by our little station without slacking speed, and waving frantically from the rear platform was Mother. She threw an envelope, but the wind caught it and it flew wildly into a meadow.

Father and I chased after it. All out of breath, my red-faced parent finally ran it to ground in a thick briar patch. He tore it open excitedly.

As he read it, I watched his face go from red to purple. "What does it say?" I asked. Without a word, he handed it to me. It read: "Dear Jim: This train does not stop here."

"Son," my father said, "you drive the car home. And when you get there tell the butler to send my fishing tackle to Michigan. I am going fishing again."

"How long will you be gone?" I asked.

Father glared. "For years and years," he snapped.



# "Into Thy Hands"

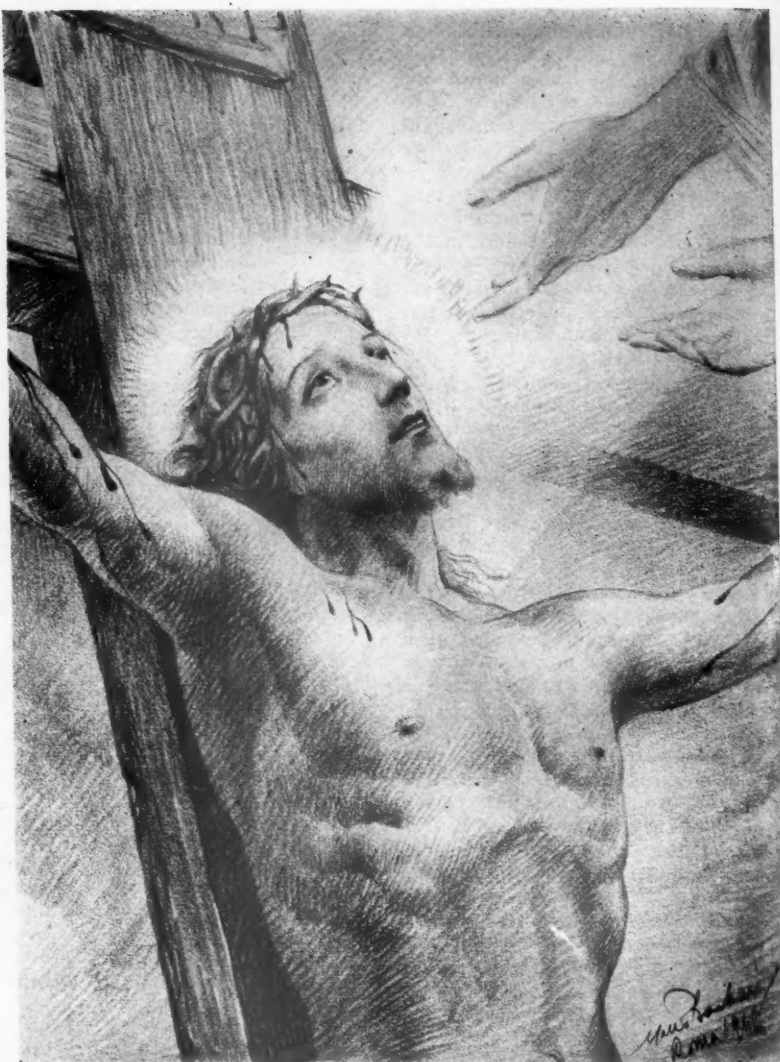
By ALFRED DUFFY, C. P.

**Only when divine leave was given, could the human soul of Christ be separated from His bruised and bleeding body**

ONE day Jesus told His disciples a story. He used the attractive figure of a good shepherd taking very good care of his flock. And when He had finished His illustration, He said: "I am the good shepherd." And He added, "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep . . . and I lay down my life for my sheep." Now the hour for the fulfillment of that promise was at hand. The Good Shepherd is about to die.

His death, however, is not to be the passing of a mere man, helpless in the face of a common heritage. It is to be the death of the mighty Son of God made man. Previously our Lord had declared: "I lay down my life, that I may take it up again. No man taketh it away from me: but I lay it down of myself, and I have power to lay it down: and I have power to take it up again." As the Master of death will Jesus die, not conquered by it. Death will do His bidding. It will come—when He says the word.

Death is the most solemn moment in every man's life. Its approach may be startling in the suddenness of its coming, surrounded by the grim awfulness of a horrible accident which, in the twinkling of an eye, snuffs out vibrant vitality. Its nearness may be unobserved as it steals forward in the peacefulness of 'restful slumber and, unperceived by its victim, snatches a soul and speeds it to eternal judgment. It may come as a blessed release from months of physical torture, a kindly rescuer from the ill human flesh breeds in its own mortality. But no



*In a voice loud and clear, Jesus speaks for the last time from Calvary*

matter how death does attack it does the guise of victor and, as a ruthless conqueror, advances certain of victory.

So men die. But not the God-man. He is in a class apart. There is in Him no sin to merit earthly dissolution. He will die. Indeed, He is about to die. Death stands at His side ready to do His bidding, waiting as a servant for permission to act. Only when divine leave is given, will the human soul of Christ be separated from His bruised and bleeding body.

Men had their short hour of triumph. Hardly time in which to boast of a shallow victory. Only the night before, they had groveled at the feet of Christ in the garden, struck impotent by His mere question: "Whom seek ye?" Only when He had permitted it, were ropes bound fast about His body and as a lamb was He led to the slaughter. Only by the power of speech He granted, could ly-

ing witnesses testify against Him and unjust judges cast their vote of condemnation. Only by His concurrence, did muscular arms nail Him to the cross and impious blasphemers vent their spite against Him. Only because He was willing, did His precious blood stain the wood of His gibbet and by dropping on earth effect a baptism of regeneration for all mankind. Only because He had willed these things. Now He willed to die. Willed it as the Lord of the world. But His passing was to be a victory, final, complete, tremendous.

The heavens are black with the darkness of midnight—highlighted by bolts of lightning which intensify rather than lessen the somber pall of gloom which enshrouds Calvary. The roar of mighty thunder sings a dirge of requiem. The earth heaves with unsuppressible emotion as a sickening earthquake contorts the rocky summit of Golgotha. But now

new life seems to course through the body of the Saviour. He raises Himself on the cross as though at this late hour He is about to accept the taunting challenge hurled at Him by His enemies and come down from the wood that holds Him fast. Gone is the tone of anguish that supplicated His Father in the recent moment of dereliction and the gasping plea a burning thirst had wrung from His fevered lips. In a voice loud and clear, heard distinctly above the fierce lament wailed by Mother Nature at the death throes of her Creator, Jesus speaks for the last time from His wayside pulpit on Calvary: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Gently His sacred head drops forward, His body slumps to rest. Jesus is dead.

**C**ONFUSION and terror reign on the mount of crucifixion. The enemies of Christ are sore afraid. They had attained their wish; the Nazarene was dead. Disgraced by a felon's death. They were victors. But there was no joy in victory. Their hated foe had just peacefully recommended His soul to their God, His Father. The fruits of their conquest were bitter to taste, their very souls seemed poisoned by the happenings of the last fifteen hours. Arrest—condemnation—death. They had dreamed of that sequence. It would bring joy and gladness, they had thought. It was an evil thing they had done. And the realization of their crime brought its own reward—terror and remorse. They began sneaking away in the darkness as St. Luke tells us: "And all the multitude of them that were come together to that sight, and saw the things that were done, returned striking their breasts." They went home, each man with his own thoughts. Ashamed of their manhood, for they had conspired against God's Anointed One, they had done to death God's Son, and had called down His precious blood upon themselves and their children. What a curse! to have plotted and to have succeeded in deicide.

The Roman centurion pondered the strange details of this day's assignment. A triple crucifixion was no novelty in his life. He had seen men die before. But no man like this Jesus of Nazareth, over whose cross he had nailed the strange inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Kingly, indeed, had been His bearing, His patience, His courage in suffering, His gentleness. To the pagan mind of the Roman, this was more than human. And as he recovered from his own bewilderment at the extraordinary series of events happening this Friday afternoon, he exclaimed: "Indeed, this was the Son of God."

At the same instant in nearby Jerusalem "the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top even to the bottom."

This magnificent drapery of royal purple and gold, richly embroidered with cherubim, separated the Holy of Holies from the rest of the temple. But now men were no longer excluded from God. The great High Priest had concluded His sacrifice, and all mankind was free to enter even into the sanctuary of heaven itself. At that moment the souls of the just in limbo were thrilling to the joys of redemption, as the soul of Christ announced the end of their exile from His Father's home. The symbolism of exclusion, the great veil, is divinely destroyed. Man has been elevated to his former estate, and once again is he a son of God—and if a son, an heir also; and heir indeed of God, and a joint heir with Christ.

The redemptive career of Jesus was finished. His soul commended to His Father. His body lifeless on the cross. Men had done their last indignity to the passible humanness of their Saviour. Later His dead heart would be pierced with a lance so that even the last few drops of blood it contained might be spilt in a plentiful redemption and that a dead body might be instrumental in fulfillment of the prophecy: "They shall look on him whom they have pierced."

Mankind has looked at Jesus Christ. Millions in every age have repeated not a vague, indefinite re-echoing of the centurion's words: "Indeed, this was the Son of God," but a loyal, profound, complete belief, "This is the Son of God."

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► TACT: The unsaid part of what you think.

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 —IRISH DIGEST  
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The Church has repeated her *credo* in the first century, in the twentieth, and in the years between. She will repeat it until the end of time, and as the triumphant victor with Christ will sing it as a glorious paean throughout the ageless eons of eternity, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. He descended into hell; the third day He arose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen."

Like her divine Founder, the Church has been ridiculed and respected, has been persecuted and loved, has been crucified and buried, but has none the less always risen as Jesus Christ had said. Rome buried her in catacombs but she

did not remain in the tomb. She arose and placed her cross above the Roman eagle. Men and nations, little men and powerful men, small nations and mighty ones, have tried to improve on the burial technique of Rome—but all have failed. The Son of God always, in His own good time, brings to nought the machinations of His enemies, whether they stood beneath His cross on Calvary and ridiculed His apparent helplessness or sought to persecute Him in His Church throughout the ages.

History has a way of repeating itself. A sickle and a clenched fist on a red background seeks to better in our own day the abortive efforts of the past centuries. It will have a measure of success, even as did Christ's enemies on Calvary. It will sing its song of triumph, be inebriated on the life's blood of its victim, but it will fail. As the years pass it will remain a memory of still another conquest for the Son of God.

Men have tried ridicule against Christ. They mock Him as a fool, His Church as an outworn relic of the dead past. They supply man-made improvements on His laws, or completely disregard them. Such are our modern divorce protagonists or birth control advocates. They gain a following even among so-called disciples of Christ. They, too, have their periods of triumph, the Nazarene is discredited, His way of life changed, men freed from the inhibitions of a worn-out doctrine and given the liberty of being wiser than God. But again, history repeats itself, new isms join the long list of defeated enemies and the Son of God comes forth more resplendent in glory with the added luster additional victory gives to the conqueror.

SIMPLE souls attuned to the heart of Christ, minds endowed with His wisdom of this or of any age stand before His cross and profess: "This is the Son of God." With no hesitation they cry out: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "In thee dwelleth all the fullness of the godhead." "Thou art the way, the truth, the life." "My Lord and my God." Thou hast "borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows. . . ."

"In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God, and the Word was God . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we saw his glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth . . . And as many as received him, he gave them power to be made sons of God, to them that believed in his name." "Christ crucified, unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and unto the gentiles foolishness: but unto them that are called . . . Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

PORT patrol officers of the U. S. Customs Bureau are sometimes called the guardians of our gates. They are well named. For it is the Bureau's job not only to collect duties on regular imports, but also to match the sharp wits of scheming smugglers. Searching ships and crews for smuggling attempts; guarding docks, piers, and airports against illegal entry of goods; confiscating undeclared valuables; making on-the-spot arrests—all this is in a day's work for the Bureau's officers.

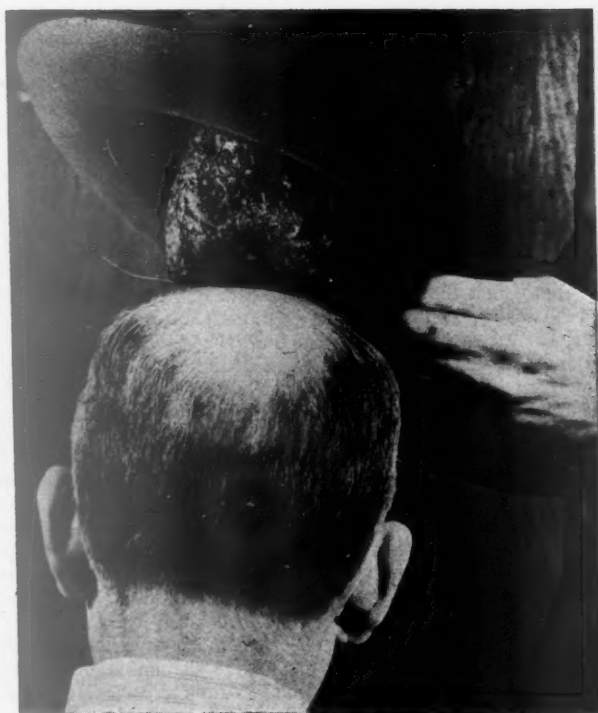
When a port patrol officer reports for work in the morning, he never knows just where he will be assigned for his day's job. This is a safety device which the Bureau uses to outrule the possibility of graft; the smuggling racket is so lucrative that a smuggler who could catch an officer in a weak moment would be able to offer a bribe reaching into persuasive figures. The job of a port patrol officer calls for thoroughness, sharp powers of observation, and alert thinking. Here we see the men at work.



Search division men inspect a British ship manned by an Indian crew. The crew's quarters get a thorough going over. The officer on the left is questioning an Indian sailor about a can of cigarettes included among his personal belongings.

Smugglers, Beware!

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



It took a daring spirit and cool nerves even to try this one. The officer who noticed the odd shape of this smuggler's hat uncovered a fat lump of raw opium.



Sometimes a port patrolman gets himself into a tight squeeze. If a ship is suspect, even the floor plates in the engine room may be removed by the searchers.



This is an old trick, but smugglers still try it. A rough plank is split, hollowed out, loaded with dope, and neatly fastened with screws. But it doesn't work!



Embarrassing moment for a British cadet officer. He failed to declare the Oriental rug wrapped in the burlap. Both he and the ship's Captain get a summons.



Examiner J. F. Quinn is appraising a seizure of undeclared diamonds, watches, and other jewelry taken from one passenger who tried to get by the Customs.



It's hard to believe, but you are looking at five million dollars worth of narcotics. The chemist is examining a haul of heroin seized in New York's port.



Color
Scheme



He was a young man, a hero—"Black Glory" they called him—who forgot, wouldn't remember, what his mother knew. And so he got hurt

Illustrated by ARDIS HUGHES

HIS mother's voice crooned through the doorway of the kitchen, reaching him, with all its sorrow, in the bedroom where he stood combing his hair before the mirror.

"Are you going to the dance tonight, Richy?"

It was a voice full of sorrow, he thought, his mother's voice, husky, low, warm, with an undercurrent of sadness reaching far back into years past. It was sorrowful even in laughter because her laughter seemed like a yearning to turn her back on loneliness. He answered her: "Yes, Ma, I'm going to the dance." He paused a moment, then said: "Why not?"

There was no answer; he knew there would not be one. The answer had been given before, not always silently. Well, why shouldn't he go? he asked himself as he gazed in the mirror at the strong young man before him. It was a strong young man. Stamina, the sportswriters called it. Well, maybe it was; anyway, it was something which set him apart.

As he stood there looking into the mirror, the thrill returned. All the thrills of the afternoon. The stench of sweat, the burning inside his chest, the water that always flooded his eyes were gone now, there was only glory remaining. Black glory.

Black glory. Those words had not been mentioned on the radio tonight although it had come through the words. The sport announcer's voice had poured from the radio, rich, impersonal. "This

afternoon it was Richard Brook's game. This young Negro completely outran and outplayed the entire opposing eleven. He contributed two touchdowns and one placement kick. One touchdown was a thirty-five yard run on a pass interception in the last quarter."

He had sat at the radio listening, his mother's proud eyes upon him, his brother looking at him with a mixture of disbelief and hero worship on his face. It had been a sweet victory then.

Now, looking into the mirror he scrutinized the figure looking back at him, the finely chiseled face, the black eyes that always looked a little sad, bewildered. (Like his mother's eyes, people always said.) He looked at his clothes, his shoulders, the way his arms hung down at his sides. Sharp. He could imagine the fellows at the dance looking at him, calling to him: "Sharp, Richy, sharp as a tack."

He did not want to be sharp, but clothes always fitted him that way. Maybe it was the contrast between the light tan jacket, the white shirt, and his skin. If that was what they called "sharp," he could not help it, although he only wanted to be one of the boys.

Bending over to tie one of his shoelaces, he hummed a little song, letting the rhythm out of his insides, the rhythm that made him a great football player. Words came out in the song from somewhere. "Boys and girls together." He kept repeating them. "Boys and girls together."

Richy drifted downstairs to the cafeteria, where a few of the kids always gathered to talk

by Robert Cormier

Strictly Speaking

► Easygoing, indifferently educated Sam Jenkins married a school teacher, a precise, extremely erudite woman of decided opinions, and it was soon evident that they would never hit it off very well together.

"I guess," commented one friend of the unfortunate Sam, "that you are overcome by your wife's powers of diction."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined Sam. "What's got me licked is her almighty power of contradiction."

Wall St. Journal



And then the hurt came. That was the only thing. Boys and girls together. At the dance tonight. All the boys, laughing, clean, smooth, white, with their girls.

He would not let the hurt take shape within him. Instead, he walked into the kitchen where his mother was wiping the supper dishes and his brother Teddy was helping her, balancing a plate precariously in his hands.

"You shouldn't go, Richy," his mother said, trying to sound matter-of-fact, as if she were telling him, "You shouldn't go out in the rain, Richy, you'll catch cold."

"Aw, Ma, why not? It's a football dance. It's for the players."

"Yes, I know," she replied. That was just it: she knew and he knew.

"They're not even charging admission to the players and their escorts, Ma."

His kid brother piped up: "They'll save some money on you, Richy."

His mother dried her hands and walked over to the table and smoothed the covering. "You could have asked your cousin Lillian to go."

He did not answer. He was thinking of Lillian and of someone else, too. He was thinking of the difference that two colors could make. Just two colors. You would not think that color could mean so much. If two people were alike inside, what did the surface count? That's where things really showed true, inside. And yet two colors could make all the difference.

His mother said: "I'm thinking of you, Richy. You're not like your own people any more. You hang around with people you shouldn't. Everyone in this city seems to throw down barriers, but there's a line somewhere that has to be drawn. And if they don't draw it, we should." There was a sad pride in her voice as she spoke.

"What's a barrier, Ma?" the little boy asked.

No one answered him. Richy went over to his mother and kissed her on the forehead. His voice was gentle as he said: "Don't worry, Ma."

He went out of the house and down the street, and the autumn wind blew

at his heels. There was a lonely tune in the wind's song tonight. He remembered once in grammar school when a thin, sharp-faced teacher had asked the class to name things that brought sorrow, such as death, disease, and the like. Richy had raised his hand and said: "Loneliness."

She had looked down at him, as if trying to sniff the air between them. "And what do you know about loneliness, little boy?" she had asked.

The words had always remained with him. Often he would find them coursing through his mind. "And what do you know about loneliness, little boy?"

He could answer her now, he thought; it would be a one-word answer, a name: Vivien. And as he walked along the street, he thought of Vivien and the laughing face and eyes and the white skin against the gold of her hair. And he thought of how it all began.

HE had come into the assembly hall one day after school, drawn by music that had caught his ear in the corridor. The hall was dark, the curtain had been pulled down against the light from outdoors. He could barely make out the forms of the students who stood at the back of the place listening. On the stage, standing in a spotlight, was a man playing the violin. The song seemed to be an old one, familiar, and yet, strange, foreign. It filled the place with its haunting melody now gay, now sad, always beautiful. Standing there in the dark, listening, Richy felt a pure sense of joy that he had not known existed. The music struck a responsive spot inside him. He wanted to run naked in the wind, shouting to the sky.

As he stood there, lost in the pulsing rhythms, he became aware of someone beside him. He spoke before thinking. "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

The voice laughed softly. "You must be a new species. I thought high school kids laughed at this."

He felt a surge of anger toward the girl. "Not all of them," he replied.

After a silence, she answered, "I'm sorry. It really is beautiful. It seems like more than just a song, doesn't it?"

He was surprised to find someone else voicing the thoughts that were in his mind. "Yeah, it's too beautiful to be called just a song."

They stood there, then, in mutual silence, with the music filling the hall. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he could make out her form vaguely. He felt a strange alliance with the girl beside him. He wondered if she felt the same thing, too.

"I could stand here all day long, listening," she said.

"Yeah," he whispered.

The song ended then, abruptly. It was as if some magic had suddenly stopped, as if the stars had gone out, the sun faded. The man walked off the stage; there was a smattering of applause.

Richy and the girl stood there side by side, holding on to the dream. The girl said: "Well, I guess that's all."

Suddenly the lights came on. They stung his eyes. He became aware of the girl's looking at him. Then he realized what was the matter. In the dark, there is no color. All colors are merged into one. He could see her eyes staring into his, the surprise written on her face. All of a sudden, he wanted to cry.

He said: "I'm sorry," and turned to walk away. He felt her hand on his arm.

"Wait," she said. "I'm the one who should be sorry." And they stood there looking at each other.

And that had been the beginning. They had walked down the street together going home. Richy kept saying to himself: "Well, what's the matter with this? Can't a fellow walk along the street with a girl?"

They talked a lot, walking home in the wind. Even now he could remember the smell of leaves burning in someone's back yard, the sun spraying golden rays in the trees, the old man they had seen going along and how they had wondered who he was and made up a story together about him. It was a funny story and sad, too.

After that, it was walking home together after school when there was no football practice, even though they would walk along with seven or eight other kids. He felt that it was the right way. He did not want to embarrass her. Sometimes, during lunch hour, he would drift outside and see her sitting on the lawn and he would sit beside her, and they would talk until the bell rang. After a while, he found himself watching for her as he walked down the corridor, watching for her bright smile.

And now he was on his way to the dance. The other kids did not matter. He did not want to strut before them just because he had played in the game this afternoon. The deep gnawing thing inside him was to see Vivien and to share with her, somehow, all the glory he had ever had.

He came into the dance hall. Music filled the whole place, seemed to breathe from the walls themselves. Suspended to a chandelier was a crystal rotating ball, throwing whirling colored specks across the couples that clustered together to the rhythm of the orchestra.

He stood there watching them a minute. He wanted to dance. It was a night made for dancing. Unconsciously, he looked for Vivien. He could not see her on the floor. All the kids looked alike in the half-colored shadows of the hall. Richy did not want to stand there alone. He was conspicuous enough even when in a crowd without remaining there all by himself when everyone else was dancing. As he turned from the floor, he caught sight of Miss Barkely, the chemistry teacher, her eyes staring straight at him, noncommittal but weighing in a decision.

HE thought: Why did they have to choose that sourpuss to chaperone the dances? She had a way of looking at kids as if dancing were a crime and they, the criminals.

Richy drifted downstairs to the cafeteria where a few of the kids always gathered to talk. There was an improvised coke bar, and he walked to it, seeing a few fellows he knew.

They greeted him with enthusiasm crying, "Hi, Dick," "How's the boy?" "Great game, Richy, great game." Each one had something to say and nobody said: "Sharp, boy, sharp," fingering his tie.

The music from upstairs ceased and couples began to fill the cafeteria. His eyes searched them as they came in. And then he saw her.

She was standing there with a group of students, talking and laughing, sipping cokes through straws. He was conscious of other kids there, but for him there was only her. Standing there for a moment, looking at her, all the longing that he had tried to dam deep inside the lonely corners of his heart whelmed him: she was all beauty, all love. And suddenly, he let the barriers down and admitted it.

She turned toward him then and her eyes met his. The other kids turned, too, and soon there was a chorus of voices talking to him. They made remarks about the game, but he was thinking of another game where he was on the losing team and there wasn't even a chance.

From the dance floor above, music suddenly swept into being and most of the fellows and girls drifted away. Vivien remained.

At the end of the hall where they were standing was a corridor that led to the darker parts of the building, the janitor's room, the boiler room, the basement. Richy found himself walking to-

ward the corridor with Vivien. They were talking a lot and Richy did not know what they were saying. The words, the phrases, the laughter were not important.

And all of a sudden he thought: Why not take the plunge, tell her and commit yourself, do it quickly and explain, and afterward it will hurt, but it will be a clean hurt, not this crawling, simpering thing.

He touched her arm and she stopped walking and turned toward him. They stood now, at the end of the corridor, facing each other.

He said: "Aw, Vivien, I'm all mixed up. I . . ."

She raised her fingers to her lips and whispered: "Talk lower."

He looked around and saw the vague forms of couples, close together in the corners, in the shadows. He went on softly and found that it was easier to whisper it: "Vivien, I don't know much about all this stuff, but there's something I want to tell you. Only remember, don't let me hurt you by whatever I say. Remember that, will you?"

She looked up at him with a sad smile: "I understand, Richy."

They drew into the shadows together and in the half-darkness it was easier to speak because she could not see the dreams in his eyes, the puckering chin that might mean laughter or tears.

"Look, I know this isn't right, that it isn't fair to you, that everything is against it. Anyone would say to forget it, that I'm crazy or something. Only, I've got to tell you." He blurted out the words fast, one crowding the other, fast so that there would not be time for thinking inside him. "Vivien—don't laugh—I love you. There it is. I know

it's not fair and that nothing can be done about it. Only, I love you. I guess that's all there is to say."

They were silent then and she put her hand on his arm and for a moment it was just him—and her. Then she spoke, low and softly: "Oh, Dick, I'm sorry." Her voice was a whisper, the words were a scream eating into his heart. Her voice was all tenderness, with a throbbing undertone of sadness, of resignation.

He said: "Forget it, Vivien," and sighed, "I knew before I said anything that nothing could be done about it. Only I had to tell you. To let you know that someone loves you. And if I can't have love, there's friendship." Something inside him laughed and leered: Just like the movies. Only it wasn't. This was real and now; it would not end in two hours after the curtain fell.

"Dick," she said, and the name was at once a caress and a denial, "you know how it is. You've said it. Only remember this: I'll always think of you in a special way. And you can never hurt me. We'll always be friends and I'll walk home with you and talk and . . ."

She never finished it. A sudden darkness filled the hall. A girl giggled and Richy knew that someone had turned off the lights. He turned and groped toward a light switch, and as he did so, his arm touched hers, his hand resting for a moment on her shoulder. Suddenly the lights shot on, blinding them as it did in the assembly hall. Only this time there was a face peering at them, a face wrinkled in surprise and indignation, a mouth sputtering words. Miss Barkely stood before them, outrage playing "the chief role on her face. All she could say was: "Vivien. Vivien and . . . and Richard Brooks."

Richy suddenly realized that his hand was still on Vivien's shoulder. He slowly let it drop to his side and it seemed to take a million years. . . .



He could imagine the fellows calling to him: "Sharp, Richy, sharp as a tack"

THE wind blew over the streets, rustling old newspapers in the gutters, moaning around the corners of buildings, bending the trees.

He walked along with his head down, his fists clenched, wanting to fight and not being able to see the enemy and knowing, too, that the enemy would always be there, invisible. He knew somehow that it was not right, that it did not add up. Images still burned his mind: the face of Miss Barkely, the kids gaping around, and Vivien, Vivien looking at him with that hurt look, startled, not believing. He knew that nothing would ever be the same again; that something had been born and something had died at the same time.

And he kept thinking: I'll have to go home and tell Ma, I'll have to go home and tell Ma.

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Fashion's Latest Decree

THIS MONTH I am going to discuss something quite at variance with my usual subjects, something nearer the ridiculous than the sublime. For I write on the subject of the new length for women's skirts—a matter which women are talking about nowadays at the A & P and the movies and in the dress shops and in the home. Even the price of butter and the subject of progressive education are put aside for the moment. Career ladies as well as that large tribe of individualists grouped so ineptly as "housewife" are equally concerned.

To hear them—and I mean almost all to whom I have listened—long skirts are something that are not going to be worn. Not by any of 'em. In fact, in one large New York City office building the women employees have organized themselves to fine everyone who comes to work in one of the new long skirts. Here and there a voice is raised in the garment's defense but mainly advertising writers, dress manufacturers, or those fashion creators who sit in towers of ivory and gold and purple, and maybe porphyry as well for all I know, being myself a trader in ready mades. From these sacred places, in fact, comes word that skirts will be ankle-length before many months have gone by. We are, so to speak, being let down gradually by the arbiters of sartorial destiny.

Prices Higher, Hemlines Lower

NOW ALL THIS may be good news to the cloak-and-suiters and to manufacturers of dress goods. It is decidedly not good news to the little woman who has been waiting ever since OPA passed into the limbo of laws, for prices of meat, bread, and peanut butter to get adjusted, as had been promised her by all the unselfish leaders of the food industry. But the prices are still as long as the longest new skirt, and women who might have been able to buy a new dress or coat if this fine promise had been fulfilled are going to have to get out the old ones again this fall, I am afraid, since higher food costs have already taken what was to be the clothing fund. Now, faced with lengthening the old, faces as well as skirts will be lengthened—and I am not trying to be funny either. For there is nothing harder than to look different from someone else in dress, at least for most of us. If you are a great artist or creative genius, then odd garments, Hokinson hats, and dragging skirts may be all right. But few of us are Queen Marys or geniuses. We don't want to look different.

Besides, the present-day skirt is a comfortable, decent length. There was a time during the first world war when skirts were just about nothing and their brevity was ugly. And it was as bad a short time before when they were very long. During that period the arbiters had decided on something called the hobble skirt. I bought a suit during that period but for some reason I took no steps in it when I tried it on. When I got it home and began to walk in it the only reason I did not fall down was because I was close to a wall. I tried the contraption for a little while, since it had cost me good money, but after an interval of shuffling, a bright tailor took out some of the jacket, inserted gores in the skirt, and then I walked with fairly easy step.

Of course the irritating thing about the whole business of longer skirts is that it is all economic. The women's-wear

folks have had a lean time for years—no gadgets, no frills, no extras, no nothing, just clothes. The fact that these looked attractive and nice on most of us has little effect on our restless arbiters. With austerity so long of pocketbook and cloth, now, with all holds off, they are going in for everything long, wide, and handsome.

Long Skirts and Romance

OF COURSE I admit to a certain minority who feel that the age of romance will return if skirts are four or five inches longer. In a letter to the *World Telegram* one of these sweet souls made moan because some gentleman had a few days before and in the same paper called on women to defy this new fashion. "How I wonder," she wrote in the rhapsodic language of Milton's *Comus*, "would this gentleman have reacted had he lived in the days of the Greeks. Would the exquisite beauty of women in their long, flowing robes have been lost on him? Surely he could not remain immune to the charm of those classic figures."

Well, she may be right and perhaps many gentlemen would react as she hopes. But we don't live in the days of the ancient Greeks and I know how most of us would react. Just how flowing Greek robes would manage in subway or taxi or plane is something one might dwell on with delight for some time. After all, the ancient Greeks had a place for such garments, whereas our women have to be busy and dwell in apartments or suburbs. There is an astonishing difference. I would love to see the face of a captain of industry whose secretary had yielded to the Greek urge and arrived to take dictation with her hair in a long chignon, an intricate lacing of cords and ribbons about her, long draperies floating as she approached with shorthand book and pencil—or maybe stylus and ivory tablet, to make the ensemble correct.

Of course that is silly, but why do people write equally silly things? And how many women in Greece, except the aristocrats, dressed that way?

I think we in our day have solved the floating-garment business very nicely. During the day, career women in suits and blouses, housewives in cottons or skirt and sweater, we live our busy days. But in the evening the floating style is pleasant. It is satisfying then to move about in a housecoat right down to the ground, even with flowing sleeves if one is poetically inclined, or in dinner and party dresses if socially inclined. But I think this is about as much as any of us want to resemble the ladies of ancient Greece. For all their lovely draperies they lived a tiresome existence. It was the men who went places and saw people, the men who talked and voted and did nearly everything that was fun or important.

Anyway, the chief reason, as I said before, that I am irked is that this longer skirt matter is advertised as being a thought toward finer living, when it is really just manufacturers who want to make women buy new clothes at a time when bread and butter and housing are paramount issues and at the very time women are getting ready to open cedar chests and take moth balls from last year's garments. "How can I wear my short last year's coat with a longer skirt?" I heard one wail. Well, my answer to that wavering female is to say, "Don't. Wear what you have and you will be happy and wise and have money enough to buy real butter and maybe even eggs."

"It's Fun to Get Drunk!"

By ALBAN CARROLL, C.P.

J. EDGAR HOOVER, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, tells us there has been an increase of 101 percent since 1939 in the arrests of boys for drunkenness and driving while intoxicated. Tax officials estimate that the per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages in New York State for 1946 was twenty-eight gallons! Excessive drinking among Congressmen and members of the United Nations is imperiling the cause for which so many of our young men died—this indictment was made by a psychiatrist on the staff of a federal hospital in Washington and the president of a university. Neither man is a prohibitionist nor a teetotaler. Bartenders in New York's cafés claim that only 40 per cent of their evening trade are men. Alcoholics Anonymous meetings are attended by approximately the same number of women as men. And the latest statistics show that four out of every ten alcoholics are women.

It is not difficult to accept the statement of the Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service that alcoholism is America's Public Health Problem No. 4. It is more than that! It is one of our major social problems as well. There are fifty-five million users of alcohol, above the age of twenty, in the United States. This number includes the moderate social drinker as well as the alcoholic. Experience teaches that very often sad consequences, physical or otherwise, follow even social drinking, not to mention those following repeated abuse. Hence it is easily seen why the problem of alcohol must be classed as a major social problem.

The thinking man asks: "Is anything being done about it?" The answer is, Yes, very much is being done—in certain quarters. The Prohibition Movement, for example, is stronger today and better organized than ever. Unless the generality of our people become interested in the problem, all indications show that we are in for another "noble experiment." And one taste of that was more than enough!

Again, within the last few years, much progress has been made toward helping the unfortunate individual who has been beaten by liquor—the alcoholic. A slave to alcohol in a very real sense, the victim is a sick person. Heedless and uncontrolled drinking has completely changed his or her way of living. Responsibility

ties are shirked, whether they be to loved ones, home, job, or even to God. Dr. Jekyll has become Mr. Hyde. Love and affection are wasted upon such a one; pleas, threats and even punishment mean absolutely nothing. Everything that is touched is broken—including hearts, homes, promises, and finally even the bottle, which can be held no longer. Shunned by friends, tormented by an accusing conscience, the victim is overcome with a terrifying sense of aloneness and inferiority. Helpless and hopeless, there is nothing ahead but despair. Such is the plight of the alcoholic.

Truly wonderful things have been accomplished with this group of unfortunates within the last few years. Clinics, connected with certain universities and hospitals, alcoholic bureaus, functioning in a few cities, notably New York, and most outstanding of all, Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization which has performed almost the miraculous—these have been of definite help in this phase of the problem.

However, efforts to reclaim, re-educate, and rehabilitate such unfortunates, while good in themselves, still do not offer an adequate program for meeting the whole problem of alcohol. It is like locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. The Yale School of Alcohol Studies and the National Committee for Education on Alcohol are pioneering in

You may be what is called a "moderate social drinker" today—but what of tomorrow?



Carew-Caldwell photos

another important aspect of the problem. What is needed today is a keen awareness of the dangers accompanying the legitimate use of alcohol. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I have never met an alcoholic who deliberately started out to be what he or she is today. While it is certainly true that education regarding social diseases has not abolished such diseases, yet, undeniably, it has prevented more widespread contamination. So, too, in the matter of alcohol.

Unsuspected dangers in the ordinary use of alcohol will come as a surprise to many who consider themselves "moderate social drinkers." The insidiousness of alcohol, the high state of tension existing today, coupled with the proven fact that certain individuals possess natures which predispose them to become alcoholics—these considerations make it imperative that the true facts about alcohol be known by everyone. Even the "dry" taxpayer must be interested, because out of his pocket comes the money to pay for the public care of the alcoholic.

Religion and social usage has sanctioned the temperate use of alcohol. Christ's first miracle was changing water into wine. The Catholic Church approves the use and condemns the abuse of things lawful in themselves. As for social custom, as far back as recorded history goes there are tales of convivial



BATTLING GUS

A SIGN SPORTS STORY

GUS LESNEVICH probably won't go down as one of the greatest fighters of all time, but to me he will always rate as one of the most interesting. It has taken the Cliffside Park, N. J., battler almost ten years to be accepted by the cognoscenti of Cauliflower Alley, but they are somewhat belatedly getting around to something that a few of us have realized for some time, and that is that the light heavyweight champion of the world is quite some fighter. Not spectacular, not flashy, but a steady, sturdy clouter who is always giving John Q. Public one hundred cents for every dollar.

Gus will lose one now and then as he did to Bob Pastor in 1942 and to Bruce Woodcock and Lee Oma in 1946, but can anyone remember when the Champ last lost to a man in his own class? Lesnevich is one of those rare fighters who seemingly came out of the service (he was in the Coast Guard about four years during the war) a better fighter than when he went in. You can throw out the defeats by Woodcock and Oma—they were heavyweights, and Gus spotted both plenty of poundage. I'm not offering any alibis for Lesnevich, for he never offers any for himself. But he was hardly in shape after his long tour in the service when he met these bigger fellows, and on each occasion the fight was stopped because of eye cuts which prevented him from continuing. Those fights were a year ago and the Jersey boy has battled himself back into such great shape that no fistic expert in his right mind would concede either Oma or Woodcock the slightest chance with Lesnevich right now.

For today Gus is one of the best

and about the hottest fighter in all pugilism. He started to get hot with the Billy Fox fight for the title. Billy from Philly had as perfect a record as one could have when he was matched with Lesnevich for the title—forty-three knockouts in forty-three fights. Never a defeat. Never an opponent going the distance with him. He was odds on to knock out "poor old Gus," who was just coming off the Oma and Woodcock defeats. But as I've always said, Gus was a tough guy when that title was on the line. Biding his time, he withstood an early Fox rally and then knocked out the pretender with as clean a right hand shot to the jaw as had been seen in the Garden for a long, long time. The kayo came in the tenth of a scheduled fifteen-rounder, and in one respect Fox's record was still unblemished. He still hadn't been in a bout that went the distance.

After that Gus fairly sizzled. He was matched with heavyweight Melio Bettina, a southpaw whose manager, Jimmy Grippo, claimed heavy champ Joe Louis was afraid to fight. Few people took this claim seriously and Lesnevich ended the silliness permanently when he starched Bettina in fifty-nine seconds of the first round for a new Garden knockout record. Then in the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund bout at Ebbets Field Lesnevich outpointed heavyweight Tami Mauriello. In each of these bouts Lesnevich was a pronounced underdog, but never in his own mind. For as you probably realize, Gus is a determined individual and odds against him only spur him on to greater efforts.

—DON DUNPHY

drinking. And today, as well as in hoary past ages, when good fellowship and a better mutual understanding are sought, the old axiom is still true: "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker!"

It is well to remember though, that while the use of alcohol is sanctioned, it is neither commanded nor given indiscriminate blanket approval. The Church has always recognized the danger and has always held aloft standards of temperance. There have always been total abstinence societies in the Church, and there are today. Adolescents and adults who know from experience that they cannot handle drink most certainly should belong to such societies. Even more! That man or woman who freely takes the pledge in such a society is indeed wise—all things considered. And this for two important reasons among many. First, as many a "moderate" drinker knows to his or her sorrow, very sad consequences—moral, social, or physical—often follow in the wake of social drinking, euphemistically so called. And, secondly, statistics prove that one out of every twenty drinkers eventually becomes an alcoholic. Of course it is a gamble, and the odds are that this particular person will not become a victim. Nevertheless, since the life of an alcoholic is nothing but a hell on earth, as any alcoholic will testify, we must call wise that man or woman who decides not to take a chance. Certainly no one will ever develop an alcoholic psychosis if he practices total abstinence.

Because the use of alcohol seems exhilarating and is not forbidden as is indulgence in sex matters, a certain thoughtlessness and disregard of consequences often accompanies its use. We are prone to accept whatever is said in its favor. In this we but imitate the example of the fanatical "drys" who are predisposed to accept whatever is said unfavorably. There are certain popular misconceptions, widely believed and acted upon, which have no foundation in fact. It is regrettable that some alcoholics became what they are simply because they accepted and acted upon the half-truths of this wishful thinking.

Alcohol does not cure a cold. It is not a stimulant; it is a depressant or a sedative. It does not increase one's mental efficiency, nor can one accomplish greater physical tasks with its aid. While it does contain certain food elements, yet man cannot live on alcohol alone. Space does not permit the proof of these and similar mistaken ideas. However, they are scientific facts, as the dubious will find on investigation.

The first effect of alcohol on the human system is that it attacks the judgment. A person decides to "take a few." When he does, he judges they have not affected him in the least. He is easily

persuaded to have a few more. Everyone notices that he is not acting normally, but he thinks otherwise. His judgment has been affected.

A more important consideration flows from this fact. Because a person's judgment is impaired, moral evil follows easily, particularly in the young. Without a drink, an individual may have the highest regard for the laws of God and the niceties of social customs. Now these laws and customs are a restraining influence on the selfishness in man's lower nature. When a man takes a drink, he immediately feels exhilarated. What really happens is a dulling of inhibitions and a concomitant release or surrender to the demands of lower nature. A judgment made at this time is almost a foregone conclusion. This is particularly true in the youth, when the passions are making themselves strongly felt. Needless to say, moral evil does not always follow drinking. Nevertheless, if the truth were known, very much of our serious juvenile delinquency is due to this cause.

Since every alcoholic in his or her early days was what is called a social drinker, it might be well to point out a few of the dangers in this regard.

About a year ago, a short play was heard over the radio. It told of a young fellow taking his girl out for an evening's pleasure, and this including having a few drinks. On their arrival home, the parents of the girl detected the drink, and since both were under twenty there was a violent scene. The young man was forbidden ever to see the girl again. Dire penalties were held over the girl if she ever again took as much as one drink. It was interesting to note that the three boys who acted as judges on the program were unanimous in placing the blame for this drinking squarely on the shoulders of the parents. There is much truth in their accusation.

The children of the Prohibition Era, when it was a lark to have a pocket-flask and smart to beat the law, are now the parents of the present generation. "Habits contracted then persevere, and today liquor is considered a 'must' at all social gatherings, whether at home or abroad. Children are reared in an atmosphere wherein they are indirectly taught that you must drink if you want to have a good time. Parents unthinkingly put the weight of their authority and example behind the legend of the "romance of alcohol." This legend, so diligently propagated by liquor advertisements, and so innocently inculcated by our novels and photoplays, portrays alcohol as an inevitable concomitant of "gracious living" and an absolute necessity if one is to be considered a sophisticated or up-to-date member of society. After a particularly hilarious evening, children hear parents remark: "After a few, Ann is the life of the



"It's all right to drink like a fish, if you drink what a fish drinks"

party," or "Wasn't Paul funny last night?" or "Ed is never a wet blanket at a party; he never refuses a drink." The teen-agers want to be popular, too. They want to be the "life of the party" in the set in which they move. Their good parents have shown them the way!

It will come as a complete surprise to many a host or hostess to learn that they have been guilty of practicing one of the most refined forms of cruelty known to man. If they were to take a blackjack and beat up some of their friends, they would do far less harm than they do when they urge unwanted drinks, under the guise of good-fellowship or friendship, or when they deliberately get a man drunk "just for fun." "Be a man and take a drink!" "Don't be a wet blanket!" "You can stand another." "Let's spike Mary's drinks." These and other remarks like them are common in social drinking. I know of several alcoholics who began drinking when the man offering liquor was in a position to make or break them and who implied a lack of manhood in the person who couldn't drink "like a gentleman."

WE never know subjective dispositions of persons refusing a drink. If he or she is an alcoholic, then just one drink is absolutely fatal—whether you believe it or not. At times, even loved ones urge drink upon such, and with unhappy consequences, as the following will show.

Bill, a New York reporter, was engaged to a socially prominent Catholic girl. Because of frequent relapses, she threatened to break the engagement. This meant disaster for Bill, for he really loved the girl. So, for three months, he touched nothing. She was overjoyed. The marriage date was set. For three days previous to the wedding, his and her friends gathered at her home, and as was to be expected, drinks of all kinds

were in abundance. But, heroically, Bill wasn't having any—although he was almost dying for "just a short one." The bride-to-be felt sorry for him, and so she told him that if he would only take his drink like a gentleman she wouldn't object. Surprised, Bill assured her that he could drink like any gentleman, but since she had laid down the law so drastically he wouldn't take anything. She told him she hadn't meant to be harsh or cruel and that if he was sure he could handle it, he should go ahead. So—Bill had two or three and he was a perfect gentleman. The same thing happened Saturday night and Sunday. Monday morning, the little chapel was crowded—the bride was waiting at the door—and, no Bill! Two minutes before the hour, a taxi roared into view, and out poured Bill, drunk as any simile you want to use. Here was a girl who would rather cut off her right arm than to have this happen. But it did! And why? Simply because in her ignorance she had urged an alcoholic to take a drink.

"It's all right to drink like a fish, if you drink what a fish drinks." Many a so-called social drinker today blissfully and heedlessly accepts the first part of this quotation, little realizing that he or she is inevitably and infallibly headed for alcoholism—775,000 alcoholics will testify to this! Slowly, imperceptibly, and inexorably, if a person does not use his intelligence in the matter of his drinking, the bottle becomes his tyrannical master, and he worse than a helpless slave. At the present time, he or she may be popular and sought after as the life of the party. Later on, when the excesses of alcoholism make its victim do foolish and stupid things, those same friends would sooner welcome a leper. The deluded unfortunate wishes for death as a release from this living hell, and incidentally, his or her friends wish the same thing.

If a man wants to drink, that is his privilege. But he should watch it! He should keep an eye on the red lights, signaling disaster. Is he beginning to feel the need of a drink next morning? Does he prefer to drink alone? What about his work, homelife, and ambitions—is drink interfering? Is he moody and restless of late? Does he use liquor to bolster up his self-confidence? If so—then it is time to beware! Occasionally he should say "No" to himself and his friends, even when he wants it most—just to keep himself in the driver's seat.

The author of *The Lost Weekend*, in a recent article, made this statement: "Society won't help the alcoholic until it learns to stop laughing at him." This article will close with a paraphrase of those words: "You won't be prudent in this matter of social drinking until you realize the depth of stupidity contained in the phrase: 'It's fun to get drunk!'"

OUR LADY'S GARGOYLE

**Because beauty is in the eye of the beholder,
Albert was as ugly to the Bishop and his flock as
the gargoyle he fashioned**

by Robert C. Broderick

Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

HIS Lordship, the bishop, strode back and forth in the crisp autumn sunlight, his hands clasped behind him. At each step his cassock rustled about his ankles, each fold a red rivulet of sound whispering the bishop's displeasure even as his countenance cried forth his anger. Occasionally he would stop and look up at the nearly completed massing of stone; the Gothic shell to house his throne, that was to be now, yes, and forever, his cathedral. Each time he paused to look his frown would deepen till finally he stomped to the far end of the court, treading his way among the rubble of building materials. He hailed the first idle workman he saw.

"You, sirrah!" the bishop's voice had the brittle tone of chipped rock. The workman approached, his leather apron flapping against his knees. He stood, half in awe and half in fear, not raising his head to meet the dark, smoldering eyes of the tall bishop.

"Yes, your Lordship," the workman meekly said, with a bobbing nod.

The bishop continued to scowl, further angered that the man became servile before him, yet by his manner demanding that very servility. "Go and fetch my workmaster. Have him come to me directly!" He waved his hand, and the workman darted away as a stone flung from a sling.

It was but a moment before the workmaster ambled into view, for he had made it a practice to keep himself available at all times, especially in these last weeks. He knew well the insistence of the bishop that the work be finished soon. The bishop watched the man ap-

proach. There was no change in his demeanor, though he knew that with his workmaster rested the ability to see the cathedral completed, knew that in justice, though grudgingly, he owed much to this man whom he had driven at such a pace, for the past forty years of building. Even though he might wish to be kindly to the portly, ruddy-faced man who had grown old in service, he felt he must not weaken now.

"Workmaster Georgio," the bishop's tone was less brittle, but stern, "for three days work has been stopped. You know this is the year 1352, my jubilee year, and for this reason I have *willed* that the cathedral must be finished! Why this delay? Why are not the masons' hammers ringing out?" As was his habit, he made his demand with a flourish.

The workmaster had expected and feared this question. Hearing it put into words made its answer no easier. "Your Lordship, the groundsmen continue to work. . . ."

"Man, cathedrals begin on the ground, they do not end there. Why are not the men up on the scaffolding? The north transept is not roofed. It alone remains unfinished. More a pity since it is to house the Blessed Mother's altar. It must be done!"

"Indeed, your Lordship. . . ." Georgio hesitated, shrugged and continued, "the work was progressing nicely. I thought all would be finished before our season of ill and changeable weather, but now—it cannot be." He paused again, glanced at the bishop. "While the men were working on the high scaffold, two of their fellow workers fell to their death. Perhaps, in their anxiety to do

your Lordship's bidding and finish with haste, they grew careless and slipped on some stone chips or slate. However, they died unshriven and now the workers and their womenfolk say the transept is bewitched and all refuse to go on with the work. They say the outer eave needs a gargoyle, a demon's effigy to keep the devil outside, or, as they would have it, to drive away the evil spirit. . . ." He stopped, afraid of the wrath on the bishop's face, cautious lest he say too much and sound at one with the superstitious.

The bishop had listened to this recital with unusual patience but with growing anger that now clanged out as a broken bell. "A plague on their superstitions—a devil's work! So it is for this that my cathedral must go unfinished! I charge you to find a man to make the gargoyle for the eave if that is the only way to keep the jackals from their dreams."

Georgio bowed, then said calmly, "No man will undertake the task. The best of my workers have even gone into hiding so they need not be called upon to refuse."

A helpless rage reddened the bishop's face till it matched the scarlet of his robe. To be stopped by stubborn ignorance at this most important time was beyond his handling. He who prided himself on the quality of his learning, though he had not the time for teaching, did not know how to tilt with this devil that had taken hold of the untutored workers. The very possibility of even a devil daring to come between him and his wish was a new experience.

Georgio, wishing to be helpful, went on. "I have but recently heard that there lives in Neufleur, twenty miles to the south, a man, stonemason Albert, perhaps. . . ."

"Why is he not already in service? Is he not a guildsman?" The bishop thought he sensed a breach in his orders and was quick to shift to this new reproach. "I gave orders for every man within the radius of a hundred miles to be put to work that the cathedral might be done within the year. Whose fault is this?"

The workmaster was equally quick to parry this thrust. "He is but little known and he works alone, although

they say he is a good artisan. Only today I have heard of him again."

"Well, fetch the man and put him to work—and keep this silliness about the devil from his ear."

The bishop thought the matter settled, but Georgio smiled, a slight daring coming into his eyes.

"Perhaps if your Lordship would..."

"Man, you want me to go in person to fetch the wretch..."

"It would be infinitely better. They say this Albert is an independent one."

"It is ridiculous, but I will have this man here if I must drag him by the thongs of his craftsman's apron." The bishop strode away leaving Georgio smiling as he had not smiled in many days.

Within an hour the bishop's coach, drawn by four horses, was seen careening along the road to Neufleur. It was a rough ride, but the pace was fast since the bishop traveled with only a driver and two lackeys on the postern.

The small town of Neufleur did not often see the coach of the bishop without a retinue of his Lordship's household, and now its swift passage over the cobbles brought the housewives to their doorways. The hoops of the children at play wobbled to the ground as their small masters' hands were raised in greeting. The bishop did not notice this flurry at his arrival. His one objective kept his mind preoccupied, but before the coach had traveled far into the town, he called to a servant to inquire of the whereabouts of the shop of Albert, the stonemason.

The directions were given promptly and the coach was driven to a small barn at the end of an alley where the bishop stiffly alighted. Within the shop there arose the rhythmic beat of hammer and chisel, and the air was ghosted by stone dust. The bishop went in and stood beside the man, watching the fall of the hammer, fascinated by the oak-root strength of the worker's hands. He spoke: "You are Albert, the stonemason?"

The man looked up from the limestone block before him. The bishop caught his breath for he was looking into the ugliest face he had ever seen, a face deformed not by bawdy ravages, for these the bishop had seen in number at court, but this face was a mask of skin stretched on an angular, craggy frame of bone, and the flesh showed an erosion of austerity. One thing the bishop noted before the man could answer. Here there was no servility, no

"He puts his own ugly face on the gargoyle of Our Lady. It is fitting!" they said, and laughed



cringing, no dissembling effrontery. Here was a new worker, different from those the bishop knew, an individual who held his own worth, assuredly but lightly. Here was a man of magnanimity, and all this was evident in the man's warm eyes, surrounded with a crinkly maze of wrinkles etched now with white dust from his day's work.

The man smiled at the bishop and answered, "Men favor me with the title."

The bishop suspected arrogance in the humble statement but found himself disconcerted. "I am seeking an artisan to undertake the fashioning of a gargoyle for my cathedral. The work must be done speedily. I demand that you come and do this work."

The smile left the face of Albert, taking the caricature from his rugged features. "To be thus solicited an artist could be forward as an egg whose taste is praised before the shell is broken. Do you not wish to examine my work?"

The jeweled hand of the bishop fluttered in the dust-laden air, brushing aside the suggestion. "I'll accept your craftsmanship. In this instance great art, while it is expected, is secondary to having the task done speedily."

"I will not work quickly—the man to whom I was apprenticed had a saying, 'the hasty dam foals a spavined colt.'"

The bishop was startled to find himself arguing with this man, provoked that his ambition must pause for the bandying of words. "You will be paid handsomely—only get the task done and you may return to your shop. You will have time to do this one task while the other work goes on."

Albert's answer, given with quiet firmness, was not to the bishop's liking. He did not understand why this man could not accept with the avidity that marked his other hirelings.

"God willing my work will be of sufficient artistry. As for the payment, my wants are fewer than my exactions of virtue. I must tell you now I will not be hurried—when one chisels on the stone of time he does not do so to fashion a crude eternity. I will follow you 'on the morrow!'"

"Report to my workmaster. He will instruct you concerning the task." The bishop's cassock whirled as he turned to go, starting eddies in the dust on the floor. Albert went on with his work.

The following morning Albert left Neufleur on his donkey whose strong objection to the leathern bag of tools and the weight of his master was expressed in the slowness of his pace. It was the next day that saw the docile beast bring Albert into the court of the cathedral. Albert did not expect to be greeted with more than casual courtesy, but the open hostility of the crowd of workmen was an unlooked for reception. They had gathered to see this



Within an hour the Bishop's coach was seen careening along the road

worker of whom Georgio had spoken and seeing Albert's face with its deep-ridged contours and the bulk of his body, they gave a sneering laugh that added an odd overtone to their manifest dislike of the intruder. Word had gone about, helped it is true by the satisfied Georgio, that the bishop himself had solicited this man's service. While the workers were far from jealous of the man's task, they resented the high manner by which he was hailed among them, and they were set to offer what obstruction they could. All of this Albert did not know. While he took his tools from the back of the donkey, he studied the group of workers and watched the workmaster's approach.

Georgio spoke with friendliness which placed him apart from the others more than did the garb of his office, and made him Albert's friend at once. "Welcome, stonemason Albert! I am Georgio. I have come to tell you of your work. It will not be a pleasant task for you, I fear, but I am here to help you all I can."

Albert could not understand why this task should be more difficult than another. He replied, "To labor and be at ease is much harder than to labor and pray. I will do my best, friend Georgio!"

"Good! I have already selected the stone, one not too hard for working."

As the two men walked across the court, talking of the gargoyle, Georgio heeded the bishop's word and did not speak of the superstition of the other workers. But that evening shortly after the Angelus bell had animated the chill air, before the Truce of God sounded, Albert had been warned by the other workers.

The next morning when Georgio greeted Albert and led him to the selected stone, the stonemason had a suggestion to make. "Georgio, would it not be best if the stone were mortised and

mortared into place before I begin my carving?"

Georgio turned to him, startled. "You have heard of the superstition, of this bewitchment?"

"Aye! I do not wist my mind to their fancies. I am no scholar, I can convince them of their error only by my work. Therefore I think if I were to go onto the scaffold to do my task, it would more quickly bring the others back to work."

For a moment Georgio considered, then said, "It is a good suggestion. The workers might interfere and refuse to go on if you worked here. It shall be done!"

The mortar was prepared, the mortise cut, and the stone was hoisted into place at the corner of the transept. Albert took his mallet and chisels and climbed upon the scaffold. The workers were silent while these things were being done. They did not offer to help, and Georgio and Albert strained alone at the task. Hardly was the stone in place when a crowd gathered, swollen with the wives and children of the workers.

Albert had no sketch to guide him. He studied the stone, its shape and texture. The crowd below was quick to notice his hesitation. A volley of jeers was sent up, taunting him. One stentorian voice, that of the glazier, was raised to scoff. "Make him not a pretty demon or you may be pulled down!" Others took up the gibe. "A gargoyle for Our Lady, worker, but make the demon worthy to frighten away the bewitching one!" and "Dress the devil and he'll have you by the apron, knave!"

Albert was not insensitive to their taunts. He gave them scant heed, but he could not meditate on his task and the day's end saw not so much as a scratch of his chisel on the stone. In the morning Albert ascended to the scaffold. All night he had lain awake and now he knew what he would do to

put a stop to the catcalls and jeers. He carried with him a small mirror and soon was at work, his chisel and hammer sounding above the din of shouts from the crowd that had come again to jeer.

For a week Albert worked, accepting the abuse of the others with a smile. One evening, after Albert had descended to the ground, the glazier ventured up to look at the work. His report blazed around the camp of the workers. Now their ridicule took a new turn. "He puts his own ugly face on the gargoyle of Our Lady. It is fitting!" they said, and laughed, "It will scare away a whole pack of demons." And another reasoned, "We need not fear—with his ugly face nothing would dare to bewitch our work!"

DURING his first week Albert had one visitor. It was Jeanette, Georgio's youngest daughter. She came shy with curiosity and remained standing a few feet away. She said nothing, at first watching Albert, noting his smile, his abstraction, his rapt expression as he made the many decisive strokes. On the second day she watched both the man and the features which his chisel wrought on the stone. Her first words of comment were, "Albert, you exaggerate, you make it too grotesque!"

Albert laid aside his tools and smiled as he dusted his hands on the coarse wool of his trousers. "It must be thus—it is the more ugly because it wants a soul, and because it feels no suffering it has not even this to give it the grace of goodness."

Often, thereafter, Albert talked to Jeanette as he worked, telling her new teachings, speaking of his life and the virtue of work which manifests a love of God. Each day Jeanette came to spend some time with Albert, and because she too possessed simplicity, she came to love him deeply.

The workers had come back onto the scaffold and the roofing of the transept went on. Each day they would watch the progress of Albert, laughing at his serious intentness, deriding at once both the man and the form he was giving the stone. They became quite gleeful as they saw the horrid detail that Albert added to the gaping mouth that became the spout. They were satisfied to see him humiliated in stone for all time, amused and pleased at the revenge they found in the belittlement he was giving to himself. Albert continued to work, using all the art of his training, slowly, laboriously chipping out the stone which was not hard, but offered a problem by the very softness of its grain.

The cathedral was being completed. Georgio was a jumping-jack, hurrying about to see each man doing his work, ordering, cajoling, trying to finish before the season of bad weather. During

the last days, as the scaffolds were coming down and as Albert put the final touch to his work, the first cold rain came.

With care Albert packed his tools onto the back of his donkey. He bade farewell to Georgio and told Jeanette as she walked with him to the turn of the lane that he would soon come again from Neufleur and that then she would go back with him. She smiled into his eyes and watched and waved till he was out of sight.

The bishop filled the final days with his anxious preparations for the celebration that he was to have in tribute to himself and his work, crowned with the opening of the cathedral. In the midst of his arrangements he forgot Albert, forgot even to pay him, and he did not remember till after Albert had gone. When he learned of Albert's departure, the bishop shrugged, taking it now as a personal affront that the man was gone before witnessing the bishop's glory. The bishop also forgot that he was Albert's debtor. In his inspection of the finished work he saw the beauty of his cathedral, saw and recognized the gargoyle in Albert's likeness, and was pleased with its exaggerated hideousness.

Chilling rain and frost were nature's baptism of the cathedral. Against these

► A boss is one who's early when you're late, and vice versa.

forces of nature, towers, flèche, pinnacles, crockets, and buttresses were flung in stony defiance. From the mouth of the gargoyle spouted the rain, while in the chill of night the frost drew a delicate tracery to rival that of the rose window. The bishop received his many guests, complaining of the inclement weather, lamenting that his day of celebration was to be ushered in by the hostility of the elements. The awaited day, however, dawned with shimmering sunlight after a night of heavy frost that had found each chink and flaw in every rock and superimposed its own pattern.

The bishop was pleased; his elder brother, the prince, smiled with haughty satisfaction. The wives of the workmen, a group from each guild, took from their husbands' scant savings and brought gifts of fowl and beef for the banquet spits. To the iron voice of the bells the cortege marched to the church, the bishop following all in his cappa magna, his train carried by liveried pages. It was his great day. He looked about with pride, receiving the homage of princes, barons, and knights and smiling at the beautiful ladies and their damosels. The procession was accompanied with a great ovation from the

workers who lined the way waiting to gain entrance, after the notables, to the interior. Hardly anyone had thought to look up at the cathedral, so much were they dazzled by the magnificence of the courtiers and the splendor of the bishop.

IN the church, chanting voices were hushed in the vastness of the vaulting as the procession marched down the nave. The bishop mounted his throne, accepting the homage of all, pleased that even the sunlight streaming through the stained glass was as if newly colored for the occasion. All eyes were on the bishop's beaming face, they saw his pride and marveled even as the tones of the *Te Deum* broke forth. No one looked aloft to the transoms, the mullions, or raised their eyes even to the level of the clerestory. Fascinated by one man's pride, they looked down and prayed for, not the church, but their bishop.

As the celebration ended and the swell of the *Te Deum* mounted, the people filed from the cathedral. The festivities were about to begin, merry-making, feasting. At last, when the gaily caparisoned horses of the prince's cortege had left, the bishop noted that only a few people remained. He was embittered by their shortness of thanks to him for having given them such a day, but also curious to know where they had gone so suddenly. He went to look and found a vast crowd gathered outside the north transept, everyone looking up. Puzzled, he went closer. No one observed him. He heard someone speak, loud enough for all to hear, and recognized the voice of Georgio. "The frost and rain have changed Our Lady's gargoyle—they have chiseled a new face to replace Albert's and made it one of beauty!" Someone behind the bishop breathed softly, "How beautiful!" Another voice was raised. "It looks more like an angel—the frost has struck away the ugliness!" There was the tone of wonder in the words, but in the voice of Jeanette there was more than wonder. "It's really like Albert now!"

The bishop looked up. He remembered the ugly detail that Albert had given to the gargoyle. He marveled now at its beauty, its grace, its strength. While he respected the opinion of the workers that it had been changed by the frost, yet he was surprised to see that this new beauty was, as Jeanette said, somehow more like Albert, like his smile.

For a long time the bishop stared at the gargoyle, his thoughts like the beam of a scale were reevaluating, and the weights were balanced unevenly. Still unnoticed by the crowd he left and reentered the cathedral. Disdaining his throne and its crimson kneeling cushion, he knelt humbly on the flagstones of the nave.



Sister Patricia with Sister Sebastian, Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, and the author

"WE WOULD prefer to stay!" Sister Carita, speaking for herself and Sister Patricia, calmly spoke the decision of these two Sisters of Charity when their mission at Wuki (pronounced Wóo Chee) was recently threatened by the approach of Communist troops.

Wuki is a delightful mission nestling at the foot of mountains that rise sheer at its back, almost as a continuation of the mission walls. A gurgling stream flows merrily past the mission door. It is country—with all the country noises and silences that soothe or irritate, according to one's temperament. No other habitation is nearby. "Civilization" lies two miles away—over a little path that crosses and recrosses with a haphazard log or two the same carefree stream that passes the mission door—at the little village of Kuangchang (pronounced Gwang Tsang) where the biggest excitement of the day is the arrival of the lone bus from Yüanling or Changsha. Wuki has a little scattered Christianity of which Father Leonard Amrhein, C.P., is the Pastor. The Sisters of Charity have a large orphanage there, caring for both orphaned and abandoned girls. The girls range in age from the toddling to the marriageable. They are educated under the direction of Sister Patricia and Sister Carita and taught the craft of the home—embroidery, weaving, shoemaking, and leather work. Sister Carita is young and gay, with a ready smile and an easy laugh, lively with enthusiasm and many interests. Sister Patricia is older, with a rich vein of Celtic wit and worlds of wisdom shining from out her shrewd eyes.

Wuki is my neighboring mission, and it is there I go periodically for a change of scene and companionship. I was there in February, visiting with Father Leonard, when we had this Red scare. Re-

ports began to come in to us that a body of invading troops was approaching. But all reports soon gained consistency in that the troops were Communist. And that meant danger—not so much to the Chinese as to us, foreigners and missionaries. For despite the edifying tales of the Reds of China in American publications, they bring only death, physical harm, or imprisonment to the priests and Sisters on their line of march.

The first few days' reports, brought in by our scouts and friendly villagers, kept the Reds within the same radius, but brought them no nearer. They were moving along back lanes off the motor road and away from large towns, moving in a rough semicircle around us, according to the vagaries of the footpaths they traveled. We got out a map of the district, and the two Sisters, Father Leonard,

and myself followed their line of march with our crosses on the map, just like a Headquarters Command, but like Generals without an army in that we had no troops to deploy, no countermoves to make. Just wait and hope for the best.

Rosalie, the woman catechist, was the best of our scouts. Each day she went out, roaming around, gossiping and picking up the bits of information bandied in the tea shops. Once she came back with a gem. She reported that a town not far away from us was still "safe." The reason she and the other smart Chinese knew this was because our local officials had tried to raise that town on the phone and had failed. Thinking the contrary the more likely, we looked at her in amazement as she preened herself with complacency and patiently explained how she knew the town was safe. If the Reds already had arrived there, she said, they would have answered the phone; if the town were being threatened, the regular operator would have been on the job and answered. But since no one answered, it was then perfectly clear that all was quiet there—a normal day—and the local operator was just relaxing in a tea shop or banqueting with his friends. After this bit of subtlety, we admitted we were out of our depth.

During this time, I was interested in noting the reactions of the Sisters. They knew their China and were well acquainted with the tales of what had happened to other missionaries when the Reds met up with them. Some anxiety was expected of them then, a little nervous fluttering, their privilege as women. But never a flutter did I perceive. They calmly went about their round of duties as cheerful as ever, and there was no tenseness or anxiety on their faces to mar the gaiety of the children. Sister Patricia especially seemed more interested in the present where-



Sister Carita

Personal safety was forgotten
when danger threatened the beloved charges
of these courageous and devoted nuns

Valiant Women

By WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.

abouts of the body of the Prophet Elias, than in that of the Reds. One bright moppet had popped this question in religion class. Sister was less interested in maps than in books of reference on Elias, and from the several theories and traditions was trying to select the one that would let God out with the least number of miracles. I like this story—Sister Patricia absorbedly tracking down the body of Elias, while the Reds are ranging all around us and liable to crash in any time. It's on a par with that of Saint Aloysius and his game of billiards. But I should have known! These Sisters are old campaigners! They have spent years in China. Sister Patricia even on her first trip into the interior with other Sisters of Charity had been held up and robbed by bandits. These are the Sisters who, through the years, have weathered flood, famine, and pestilence, who twice before had been forced to flee the Red hordes that ravaged the

been waiting for this question which we had avoided as long as possible.

At a nod from Sister Patricia, Sister Carita answered for both of them. "Father, we would prefer to stay."

"You know what that may mean, Sisters? What may possibly happen?"

"Yes, Father. We understand."

Was this simon-pure courage, or was it due, partly at least, to an "it can't happen here" state of mind? So I asked: "Will you tell me, Sister, why you want to stay?" Much would depend, as far as my estimate of these Sisters was concerned, on the answer to this question. The answer was not disappointing. It gave me a glimpse of the pure supernatural charity that prompted such a decision, as arresting as a sword unsheathed, as evident as sunshine, and as warming. And if never before, I did then appreciate these valiant women who are our co-workers in this mission field. They will ever be an inspiration.

fat she is proudly dragged out by the other children to display to all visitors, with her sleeve rolled up that the visitor may properly marvel at the rolls and wrinkles on the plump forearm, who is constantly hurling herself at one or the other of the Sisters to show she is impartial in her affection lest either feel slighted. Of Mary (and the older girls like her) who, on being recently married and evidently very much in love with her husband, had cried her heart out on the eve of the wedding at leaving her home and the Sisters. Of these and all the rest they were going to protect must the Sisters have been thinking.

Since it was then still dark, nothing could be done anyway till daylight. And with the new day came reassuring news. Government troops had been rushed into Kuanchang by truck from Changsha, and there was less danger now that the Communists would come. They did not. Shortly afterward, they withdrew from



The girls at the Wuki orphanage range in age from the toddling to the marriageable

Province, who had endured the bombings of the long war, watched one convent go up in flames and another bombed out, who had bidden a serene farewell to several of their Sisters, victims of charity, as death took them away! So it should not have been surprising that they were so calm and courageous in this new danger.

Then the climax came. At ten o'clock at night, a woman, whose sick child the Sisters once had cured, came to warn them that the Reds were only ten miles away. All that night the people of neighboring Kuanchang streamed past the mission with their bedding and the possessions they prized, to hide out in the hills. At four in the morning, another messenger came with a note from a Catholic merchant to confirm the report we had received the night before. Once more we got out our map and checked the new position of the invaders. They were uncomfortably close and it looked now as if they really would be upon us. It was time for a council of war. It was time for decision.

"Well, Sisters, how about it? What do you want to do?" I asked. They had

"Father," Sister Carita answered, "we prefer to stay because, no matter what arrangements are made for the disposal of the children, the little ones will suffer. If the soldiers try to molest the older girls, the Chinese will not interfere. So we would prefer to stay to do what we can to protect the children."

Doubtless, as Sister spoke these words, she was thinking of those children, now so peacefully sleeping upstairs, who could not be dearer to these Sisters had they been their own. Of little "Lai Lai," the six-year-old with the withered leg who, with the aid of crutches, is now in all the games, and who, so proud of her new American coat, still wonderingly asks: "You mean this is mine, Sister—always? And I never have to part with it?" Of Bernadette who, once on being reprimanded for something she did not do, and afterward being apologized to when Sister found out her error, had blurted: "Sister, you never have to apologize to me. You can do anything you want, beat me—anything. You are like my mother"—and then wistfully—"even better, for my own mother didn't want me." Of the "Pooch," a toddler so

the area, avoiding battle. We were safe.

This incident was but one of the many alarms and excursions of missionary life in China, but I shall remember it specially because of the magnificent conduct of these Sisters. I do not say their decision was a wise and prudent one. They realized what would be likely to happen to themselves if the Reds came—death or physical harm. Surely, it was folly to think that they could stand up against a mob of soldiers and protect those children. What could they have done? Two women against a horde! But I am lost in admiration of them all the same. It was a splendid, magnificent, glorious thing they wished to do! It was folly, but it was the folly of the saints! It was the stuff of which poetry is made. It was of the same wild recklessness as are all deeds of heroism and glory. And how admirable that they could be so selfless and thoughtless of their own safety, so devoted to the children, that they would count their own lives as nothing to protect them! It was the "greater love than this" theme once again. It was all this that I admired in these Sisters of Charity. Valiant is the word for them!

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Genius and the Pessimists

► IN AN ARTICLE IN "COLUMBIA," James C. G. Conniff warns hopeful inventors against being too easily discouraged. Even Edison had his critics. We quote Mr. Conniff:

From among the thronging examples that should encourage young men with ideas, there stands forth, in this year that celebrates the centenary of his birth, the memory of Thomas Alva Edison. In those days as now, Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey, was an engineering voice to be listened to with respect.

Fortunately, Edison was hard of hearing. So his great work was not interrupted by the stern remark of Stevens' president, Henry Morton. Warning against the enthusiasm whipped up by news of Edison's experiments with electric lights, Morton solemnly intoned that "everyone acquainted with the subject will recognize (the undertaking) as a conspicuous failure."

The writer, of course, has always been a fast man with a *pooh-pooh*, particularly in a situation where he knows least about what is being discussed. It is not too surprising, then, to find even the imaginative H. G. Wells sticking out his neck and begging for the ax with the flat prophecy: "I must confess that my imagination refuses to see a submarine doing anything but suffocating its crew and foundering at sea." A lot of people, starting with the Germans in World War I, refused to be discouraged. . . .

The great DeForest became discouraged when he failed to sell his patent on the first practical radio tube devised by man. He let his own lack of confidence crush him. On a tiny instrument that has since brought fortunes to other men, he let the patent lapse rather than pay another \$25 to renew it.

Of tougher cloth was the pioneer Buffington, who ignored the solemn judgment of the *Architectural News* when that trade bible blasted his ideas on steel-frame skyscrapers. Even as 1888 went down in history as the year Buffington secured patents on what is now standard practice in big-city architecture, the editors of that journal were forecasting disaster for anyone attempting to follow the dreamer. As the girders expanded and contracted with the weather, they predicted, the bricks and plaster would crack away. Nothing would be left but a skeleton in the sky.

He Packs 'em In

► BEST CROWD-HANDLER in the country is this man whose usher corps is always in demand. From an article by M. Scott Welch in "Argosy":

At eight in the evening, last August 23, only six thousand people had arrived at Chicago's Soldier's Field to see the all-star game between the pro champs and college all-stars. Yet at kickoff time, half an hour later, ninety-seven thousand fans were seated and comfortably set for an evening of football. The lakefront stadium had managed painlessly to swallow all of these last-minute arrivals. How was the miracle worked? The answer is a name: Andy Frain.

You know him as the originator of crowd engineering, the

science of handling crowds at such big events as the Kentucky Derby, the World Series, and national political conventions. Bad news for gate crashers, good news for gate receipts, Andy Frain is the head of a nationwide usher service, with offices in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, and twenty-two other cities. He has been worth more than high fences and locked gates to managers of crowd events all over the country, for Frain's system keeps would-be gate crashers on the outside looking in, and paying customers on the inside looking happy. . . .

"Every crowd is different," says Frain, "and until you've been in this business yourself for years you'll never know what to expect."

The Sonja Henie ice show, for example, draws an older, staid, respectable crowd of married couples. Offhand, you'd think they'd be the ideal crowd to manage, but Andy says that the rowdy hockey fans are much easier to handle. Hockey followers have been jeering from the same seats in the Chicago Stadium for seasons on end; they know their way around the big, twenty-five-thousand-seat building. But the dignified, solid citizens who come to see Sonja Henie? "They don't know where they're goin'. They come up to an usher and ask, 'Is this the Chicago Stadium?'"

And an audience of women? Andy groans at the thought. The ladies, it seems, push and shove, drop their gloves, change their seats at will, and keep up such a constant hum of talk that an usher has to shout to be heard.

Animal Accidents

► ANIMALS SOMETIMES MEET accidental death through freakish circumstances. From an article by Frank W. Lane in "Outdoors":

Although I cannot believe it happens very often, there is no doubt that some animals die through colliding with obstacles simply because they were not looking where they were going. Kangaroos often look over their shoulder when traveling at high speed and are sometimes killed before they know what hit them. In England, a young hunting dog killed itself by running into a stone wall and breaking its neck. . . .

In the annals of accidental death, there are some records which impress by their bizarre quality. Take the case of the cow that strayed into a wood and swished her tail around a small tree. By some unfortunate miracle the tail became firmly tied to the tree, and the cow's vigorous efforts to free herself only made the knot faster. She was thus eventually found—dead of starvation. . . .

A 15-pound cod was speared in Puget Sound with its head wholly encased in a syrup tin! It had evidently thrust its mouth into the tin in search of food and the serrated edges of the tin had caught fast around its head. I don't know if Puget Sound has a particular attraction for strangely afflicted cod, but *Life* published a photograph of a cod caught in the Sound wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. The glasses were hooked over the cod's nose and the earpieces were caught in the gills. The glasses were later identified by their owner as a pair he had lost while fishing.

On with the New

► FROM "TALKS," quarterly of the Columbia Broadcasting System; we quote the following account of a broadcast made by correspondent Robert Trout:

If you've ever read a novel laid in the Middle East, you know that in one chapter or another, a muezzin will come out on the balcony of a minaret to chant the old call, "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is His prophet. Come to prayer. Come to salvation." The novelists didn't make it all up; the faithful *are* called to prayer five times a day by the chant from the tall, slender towers that rise from the mosques and give the skyline of all Moslem cities that characteristic look.

Our own correspondent in Cairo lives in the neighborhood of eight different mosques, and he says he'd always enjoyed hearing that chant in the background. But now, the pleasant sound has become a disturbing roar—all because the Allies have been selling some more of their surplus military equipment; this time, public address systems, taken out of Army barracks and airfields, and sold to a number of mosques, where the call to prayer is now hurled out of loudspeakers with the force and volume that only modern science can give. In some of the mosques, the local attendants were entranced to discover that they no longer had to climb a hundred-foot tower to call their public; it seemed to them almost a miracle to be able to stand on the ground and simply speak into a microphone. As a result, some of the muezzins have taken to chanting passages from their Bible, the Koran—over the loudspeakers—for hours at a time . . . until, this week, the police stepped into this strange picture of the new blending with the old; the police said to the people at the mosques: "Please use your loudspeaker *only* for the regular calls to prayer—five times a day."

World Language

► THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPHS are taken from an article in "American Mercury," in which Falk Johnson discusses the merits of English as a universal language:

In some very important respects, English is considerably easier than its competitors. It has a combination of aids to learning which none of them possesses. It has so many, in fact, that for most people it would be the easiest of all natural languages to acquire.

One of its greatest aids is its alphabet, which is used by more people than any other form of writing and is also the form best suited for highspeed typing, printing, and telegraphing. The Chinese and Russian systems of writing are not known by nearly so many people, and the Chinese is not suited for highspeed writing.

Simplicity of grammar is another aid to the quick acquisition of English. During the last thousand years English has lost many linguistic complexities which most other languages still retain. . . .

Of all the aids that English offers its students, none is more helpful than its combined vocabulary. About half the words in the English language come from the Romance languages, and about a fourth are from the Germanic ones. English is about as easy for Germanic peoples as it is for Romance peoples because, in addition to a vocabulary that is 25 per cent Germanic, it also has a grammar that is largely Germanic. For example, German peoples do not have to puzzle over many of our irregular verbs; they recognize them easily from their own language. . . .

To the 445 million persons who partly understand English even without studying it, we can add the 260 million native speakers of English. The resultant 705 million people know all or many of the words normally used in the English lan-

guage. Actually, however, the figure should be considerably higher than 705 million. At least 350 million people, not included in the figures already given, live in colonial areas whose official European languages are related to English; and still other millions have acquired in schools one of the languages related to English.

Exploring the Attic

► PERHAPS THERE IS *hitherto undiscovered treasure hidden in your attic*, says Stanley S. Jacobs, writing in "Today's Woman." Some of Mr. Jacobs' remarks:

A Chicago woman prowling through her attic unearthed four old dolls of American and foreign origin. Casually mentioning the find to a neighbor, she was amazed when the other woman gasped:

"Don't give or sell them to anybody until I tell my cousin!" The cousin, a well-known doll collector and dealer, hurried over, examined the dolls, and paid \$400 for them. He later sold them for \$700 to a wealthy eastern collector.

Dealers assert that a well-stocked attic may contain \$1,000 worth of knickknacks, souvenirs, art treasures, and antiques. You may have tossed the jackpot out the window if you let a junk dealer haul your bric-a-brac away.

That's what happened to a woman who had in her attic a carved rosewood parlor set, made by the famous John Belter more than a century ago. A junk dealer gave her \$10 for the set—which he resold for \$1,200. Belter's secret laminating process for treating rosewood never has been discovered—hence the high price for his work today. . . .

Button collecting is a mania with thousands of people today. If you're lucky, your old buttons may bring you new currency. One woman discovered eighteen buttons in a battered steamer trunk in her attic and had the acumen to show them to a curio dealer. He paid \$10 for each of the buttons—not a bad reward for an hour spent in attic exploration!

Just one word of warning, though. While a surprising assortment of old articles may be of value, an equally large amount of your most treasured family "heirlooms" may turn out to have no value at all, aside from sentimental associations. Only experts can tell.

Color Psychology

► INDUSTRIAL DESIGNERS have made some discoveries concerning color preferences of the average individual. From an article by Bill Davidson in "Collier's":

The industrial designers found that eight out of ten people always select blue if they have a choice, although, for some strange reason, green seems to be the favorite in toothbrushes. Since blue fades more quickly than any other color, the designers sneak in neutral shades of gray and tan instead and the substitutes sell just as well as the blue (so long as the blue is kept out of sight).

The industrial designers discovered, too, that the use of yellow-green in the interiors of ships and planes is the quickest way of inducing nausea—even when the plane or ship is standing still. So those colors are scrupulously avoided. . . .

By the judicious use of sand, cream, gold, and rust, (designer) Teague gives the passengers of the Swedish Airlines the feeling of warmth as they fly up near the North Pole. The exact same plane decorated in blue, gray, and cream *cools* the passengers of the American Overseas Airlines down near the equator. On one Santa Fe dining car, (designer) Dreyfuss had the problem of preventing passengers sitting at a counter from feeling inferior to other passengers eating at tables in the same car. He accomplished this by decorating the counter, and all the gadgets thereof, with the most luxurious colors he could find.



Guaranteed Annual Wage?

Yes—HARRY C. READ

No—EMERSON SCHMIDT

1. As partners in production, do employees have an equitable claim to a guaranteed annual wage?

Mr. Read

YES. There can be no question that workers do have an equitable claim to a guaranteed annual wage. Those who hold to the contrary invariably predicate their premises on the fact that many workers must depend for employment upon seasonal production of natural products, or upon seasonal demand for manufactured products; and hence, it would be an injustice to require the seasonal employer to pay an annual wage for a varying period of employment within the calendar year.

This argument is specious. It implies that, in demanding a guaranteed annual wage, workers are demanding an annual employer who must pay them for services not needed. The demand is for annual jobs, regardless of the number of employers involved. It is a collective social function of employers to bring together for the common good, natural resources, the tools of production, and the labor of workers so that the whole community may prosper in soul, mind, and body.

Wages are not a tax levied on the employer; they are not a dole to be dispensed by the employer; they are in no sense a voluntary donation by the employer to the community. They arise from none of these things. Wages arise

only from productive labor. This fact is so primary and simple that one wonders at the seeming inability of many persons to understand it.

The wage is what the man produces. If he works by himself tilling a small parcel of land, the produce of labor combined with the fertility of the soil constitutes his wage. Just because his labor is applied to natural products through tools supplied by another individual or a corporation in no wise changes the nature of the wage; it merely creates the necessity for working out an equitable division of the produce between the worker and the employer.

Appeal can be made on this point to a higher authority. Man works because of a Divine mandate. He was enjoined to work before the first fall. He was put into the paradise of pleasure "to dress it and to keep it." Work, therefore, was not imposed as a penalty. Man's first transgression was punished by making irksome that which had before been a pleasure. There was no alteration whatever in the primary instruction to carry on and extend the work of the First Creation. It is out of this fact that labor derives its dignity; and it is out of the same fact that there arises the requirement that man derive from his labor food, clothing, and shelter sufficient to sustain him as he carries on his primary earthly mission of saving his soul.

If the hired hand has no equitable claim to a guaranteed annual wage, the

employer likewise has no equitable claim to annual income from his business. The relationship of the employer to the community is, in a sense, the same as that of his employee to him. In this sense, the employer is the employee of the whole community.

Dr. Schmidt

NO, at least if the question must be answered unconditionally and universally. Is equity an absolute, or must the equity of any situation be judged by results? Concretely, suppose the guaranteed wages were made a universal responsibility of management; and suppose this in time dried up the private job-making incentive, thereby forcing us into some form of authoritarian collectivism, would the claim for the guaranteed wage be equitable?

Can we judge the equity of the demand for the guaranteed wage until we know "what else" will happen? What will happen to our free enterprise system? To workers who cannot find a guaranteeing employer? To the mobility and flexibility of a dynamic, free-choice competitive society? To the risk-taking investor in job-making facilities? To the worker who receives the guarantee (or is the guarantee a unilateral affair involving no responsibility on the part of the worker)?

However much we will recognize the importance of continuity of wage income (and there can be no dispute on its desirability), few of us would say that that continuity must be purchased at all costs. There are some other things which are also important. Had there been no other question involved, we should now

ONE of the important social questions of the day is whether American industry can and should guarantee the worker an annual wage. Two of the men best informed on this subject—Harry C. Read, Executive Assistant to James B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, and Dr. Emerson Schmidt, Economic Research Director for the U. S. Chamber of Commerce—give their answers to the following questions proposed to them by the Editors of THE SIGN:

1. As partners in production, do employees have an equitable claim to a guaranteed annual wage?
2. Is the guaranteed annual wage practicable for American industry?
3. Would the guaranteed annual wage stimulate production and help to stabilize our economy?

stand in admiration of how Mussolini "did something" about running the trains on time; or how Hitler "did something" about the physical fitness of German youth; or how Stalin "did something" about eliminating unemployment.

More guaranteed wage plans have been abandoned than have survived. Guaranteed wages have extended to much less than one per cent of the labor force. The fact is that we do not know what a general widespread guarantee would do to ourselves, to our economy, to the way of life which we do admire and which has made us strong. For persons who place importance on fundamental understanding above the seductions of both catchphrases and oversimplifications, it must be admitted that we don't know what the results would be.

2. *Is the guaranteed annual wage practicable for American industry?*

Mr. Read

YES. The guaranteed annual wage is as practicable for all American industry as it is for the owner and the supervisory staff which are already drawing a guaranteed annual wage. American industry has demonstrated to the world that anything conducive to the welfare of owners and managers is always practicable; workers ask that the practicabilities be tailored to fit the needs of the entire community. The tailoring job is one that calls for complete co-operation between management and labor.

Any discussion of this point invariably precipitates a discussion of owners' rights and the sacrosanctity of profits. Strong claims are advanced for the somewhat indefinable thing called "the risks of doing business." Industrial management is pictured as a bold entrepreneur who casts timidity to the winds and relies on his super-skill to make good.

This argument is largely false. American industrial management—through its limitation of output and a cautious

margin of scarcity; through its hesitancy to replace, improve, and expand its plant facilities; and through its fear of losing prestige—succeeds to a remarkable degree in evading risk. It simply passes the risks of doing business along to its employees and the consumers of its products.

The automotive industry is an outstanding example. The big three—General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford—set the pace for the smaller companies. Almost simultaneously each year public announcements are made by all of the automotive concerns of the number of units they propose to manufacture in the ensuing ten months and the prices at which the products will be offered to the public. The quotas always come to rest on the number of units that will yield the greatest possible amount of money profit per unit. This simply cannot be an accident. It is frankly a revelation that plans are made to produce, not the quantity the community needs, but only the quantity that can be sold on a high profit basis.

I refer to ten months production because automotive management operates its plants only ten months a year and throws its proletarian working force out of employment for two months in order to carry on that mysterious operation known as re-tooling. This performance is indefensible. During the war, automotive management demonstrated again and again that it could keep its plant working at top capacity around the clock, day in, day out, constantly re-tooling to produce entirely new or better items of war material. The guaranteed annual wage was practicable during the war years; there were as a matter of fact many anguished pleas from government and management officials alike for workers to avail themselves of the annual wage guaranteed by the war.

There is only one valid argument against full production and the guaranteed annual wage that would stem from it, but we never hear that argument. No one is foolish enough to say that the world's work is done.

NO, not universally at least. Some dozens of employers have, upon their own initiative, adopted some form of guaranteed wage. Many of them have pronounced the results favorable to the workers, to the community, and to the employer and stockholders. What, in fact, does this prove? Does it prove anything for other cases, for the country or the economy as a whole? Or were these cases where the stability of the market of the company in question, and the specific conditions of the particular guarantee were both of such a nature that the guarantee happened to work out satisfactorily? Until we can answer questions like these, should we not suspend judgment?

Very few people who discuss the annual guaranteed wage ever bother to define their terms. Much of the controversy arises from this failure to be precise. The Nunn-Bush Company guarantees 52 pay checks to certain specified employees, but does not guarantee the size of the checks. Some companies guarantee a specified number of employees, some specified number of weekly hours for some specified number of weeks (40, 45, 48 or 52) of work. Others guarantee dollars rather than so many weeks or hours. In other words, "the guaranteed annual wage" is a loose phrase meaning many things to many men.

Obviously, the more limited the guarantee and the more limited the proportion of a company's employees covered, the easier it is to make a guarantee. But then it may cease to be a guaranteed annual wage. If the guarantee is thus restricted, is it not merely a glorified name for the customary layoff system by seniority?

Does the worker agree to stay on the job for the guaranteed period? At the same wage? That he will not strike? If a department is abolished, does the worker agree to shift to other work? At the same rate of pay or at the rate paid in the other department?

Would the requirement of a guarantee tend to cause employers to hire fewer workers? Will it retard business expansion? What will it do to the incentive to open new enterprises? How will it affect small business? Will it cause the economy to stagnate, especially those parts of it which are most susceptible to enormous shifts in consumer demand upon short notice? Would the guaranteed wage so raise the risks of business, that private job-making would become a function to be avoided to the point where it paved the way for the socialization of enterprise?

If the management has made an unduly onerous commitment, what will happen to industrial relations if a smaller commitment is offered the second

year? Would the additional risks of business under a substantial guarantee in industry in general so deter the pioneering enterprise that progress would give way to stagnation?

Management's sustained wage-paying capacity depends upon its customers and the solvency of the enterprise and not upon the size of the boss's pocketbook. From 1929 to 1933 the consumption of gasoline was fully sustained but the purchase of new motor cars declined by 75 per cent—facts showing how the consumer allocates his purchases and how much more difficult it would be for some employers to regularize production than for others. So long as our economy is wracked every generation by the upsets of war, it is doubtful that employers can make any steady progress toward stabilizing their operations.

Nearly all employers who have adopted the scheme emphasize the many things which they had to do to stabilize production or sales, before making their formal commitment. Unfortunately, not all employers are in this fortunate position of being able to do something substantial about assuring a sustained market.

3. *Would the guaranteed annual wage stimulate production and help to stabilize our economy?*

Mr. Read

YES. Indeed, the answer must be a ringing affirmative. Unfortunately the tendency of economics to disguise wages, which represent the purchasing power of an overwhelming majority of the American people, with a set of technical definitions, brings endless confusion into discussions of this question.

There must be a strong floor of purchasing power underlying our whole economy. That floor has to be made up of wages, dividends, and profits. Industrial management apparently cannot grasp the fact that the guaranteed annual wage is the strongest guarantee of steady profits and steady management rewards.

The well-being of the community depends upon two factors: the rate of circulation of goods and the rate of circulation of money. When goods do not circulate freely because of natural or artificial scarcities, prices invariably rise above the ability to purchase on the part of those who possess money. When on the other hand stagnation occurs in the rate of circulation of money, even though prices remain at the normal level, the relation between income and price is thrown out of balance in precisely the same manner. Attempts are then made by economists to justify the causations of these phenomena by citing the law of supply and demand. There is no such law. The so-called law of supply

and demand, like many other so-called economic laws, is not a law at all; it is an alibi for the vicious practices of the market place.

The Congress of Industrial Organizations has never projected wage programs designed to benefit its members alone. We realize that one part of the population should not and must not seek to benefit itself at the expense of all others. Our programs, therefore, are designed to benefit the whole people, including owners, stockholders, and managers along with all wage earners and pensioners irrespective of union membership.

There has been much discussion since Pearl Harbor day of American production. Glowing tributes have been paid to it, but it must be admitted that no one has succeeded in establishing the maximum to which our production can rise. There are those, of course, who make a false god of production by trying to make it an isolated phenomenon in our economic system with no thought whatever for its concomitants of distribution and consumption. This problem simply cannot be solved by deifying any one or all of these three factors. All must be



considered together as the means to an end—the common good that has been discussed so forthrightly by all the Holy Fathers of this modern age.

If our productive capacity is what we all say it is, it can serve the needs of the people through an integrated, stabilized economic operation that will insure continued full production at low cost per unit and low price to the consumer with accompanying high annual wages for workers and high annual profits for industrial management. This formula does not imply socialism in the remotest degree. It implies the full exercise of the democratic method. It is the formula to which the American labor movement adheres, and ours is the only labor movement today on the face of the earth that supports a free economy.

Dr. Schmidt

NO. We have no proof at least that it would. Most employers would agree that a constant fear of losing one's job reduces the output per man hour for some workers. They also would agree that a high degree of job security may reduce output by increasing absenteeism, lack of application to the work, and labor turnover. In the past year labor turnover in manufacturing has been about 100 per cent, due in part to the ease with which the worker could collect an "annual wage," but from several different employers. We cannot measure the effect on productivity unless we can get a sufficient number of case histories, showing what the results have been, and *what they would have been*, had the plan not been in effect—an almost insurmountable research job.

The annual wage is being advanced as a solution for the business cycle. The recent government report asserts over and over again that this is a false hope.

Under this view, depressions are due to a lack of wage earners' purchasing power; a guarantee of wages, it is argued, will maintain income and will maintain a willingness to spend income as it is earned and thereby maintain eternal prosperity.

It would be difficult to find an economist who devotes his time to an impartial analysis of our economy, who would agree that depressions are due to shortages of purchasing power.

Production always finances consumption, providing no one is hoarding income. It is the failure to use income which may cause a break in the necessary circuit flow of production and income. The mere guarantee of wages would not prevent the accumulation of those maladjustments which precede depression.

Depressions are due to war-created disturbances, monetary and credit phenomena, the jerky nature of investments and capital formation. That is why economists are so skeptical of the purchasing power theory of prosperity and the possibility of the guaranteed wage to solve the problem.

All this does not mean that we cannot bring about greater income and job stability. The first essential is the elimination of war and its distorting effects. The second essential is a monetary and credit system which, instead of alternately booming the boom and feeding depression, will support the stability of the value of money. Finally, given these two prerequisites, there is much that the employer can do to regularize production and employment which then may lead to a formal commitment to hire by the year. But all this is another story which cannot be developed here.



Books



VESPERS IN VIENNA

By Bruce Marshall.
Houghton Mifflin Co.

280 pages.
\$2.75

Bruce Marshall's latest novel is the outcome of his experiences as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Displaced Persons Division of the Allied Civil Commission for Austria. For those whose interest in a novel has to be



Bruce Marshall

coaxed along by a fascinating plot, it has almost nothing to offer; as a story it will unquestionably be a disappointment. But for those who like to chuckle over playful yet caustic satire on the ineptitudes of occupying armies, for those who enjoy a gentle lampooning of the stuffiness of British military officialdom, and for those who can be stirred by sparkling conversation on what is wrong with a world which is forced to fight two World Wars within a quarter of a century, *Vespers in Vienna* will be more than passably entertaining.

There is no character in the book quite so memorable as Father Malachy or Father Smith, but Colonel Nicobar, Schwester Kasimira, and Mother Auxilia do manage to stake a fairly impressive claim upon one's attention and affection. Their friendship starts when the Colonel and a few of his men are billeted in the convent of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost. The Colonel, for all his religious indifferentism, is at least "reflective enough to wonder sometimes whether the 'four freedoms' could ever be secured by dynamite and whether progress was synonymous with propulsion." Schwester Kasimira is one of those disarmingly ingenuous souls, who became a religious because the thought one day occurred to her that "as it was no longer easy to be prayerful in a world which had divorced pleasure from God, there was only one solution left and that was to be gay in a convent." Mother Auxilia is a big, bulky woman with a brave heart, who reduces all world problems to the treason in each man's heart as he "turns his back on sanctifying grace and says 'This I shall be doing because others are doing it' and 'That I shall not be doing because nobody else is doing it.'" Add an atheistic but genial Russian Colonel and a sullen but thoughtful German soldier to this trio

and you get the promise of some brisk conversational passages.

In *Vespers in Vienna*, Bruce Marshall looks at human foibles and frailties and labels them for what they are, but his chastisement of humanity is administered with tenderness.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

THE LOVING ARE THE DARING

By Brooke Conway. 283 pages.
Prentice-Hall Inc.

\$3.00

When the words "loving" and "daring" are given a meaning that comes within the common experience of ordinary people, it is time to cheer. They are great words, too often hopped up with uncommon emotions. In this book they are like the warmth and light of a shaft of sunlight, probing into quiet back streets and drab kitchens, catching high lights from dull eyes and seamed hands, searching into the commonest yet richest of treasure chests, the clean minds and good hearts of simple people.

There are folks like Mrs. Kraemer, lots of them, in every town. Her boys and girls work in all our mills and stores. It is a quiet delight to stop and see what makes them tick, to become aware of heroism in drudgery, of the finest kind of love in a sick-bed vigil, of high-calibered honor in the paying of a grocery debt.

With finished skill Brooke Conway tells her story, finding drama, humor, pathos, and triumph in a widow's struggle to give a decent home and a secure future to her brood of seven. *The Loving Are The Daring* is an entirely worthwhile book.

EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P.

THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER

By H. R. Trevor-Roper. 254 pages.
The Macmillan Co.

\$3.00

This book is less a "demonstration" that Hitler actually died on the eve of Germany's defeat than a graphic description of the Nazi leadership during the final stages of the war. The reader must unfortunately reckon with a kind of insulated provincialism which seems to flourish in certain parts of an otherwise illustrious Britain. Goebbels is here endowed, by reason



H. R. Trevor-Roper

of his early education, with a "Jesuit supplement of mind"; and the author does not hesitate to compare the notorious Himmler with St. Robert Bellarmine. A comparable breeziness of manner is evident also in the more secular discussion. But for those who can take such bad manners in stride, the story of the fantastic madness of Hitler's final period, as related here, is likely to prove as interesting as the most macabre detective story of which the imagination can conceive.

On the one hand there was Bormann, incorporation of everything evil in the Nazi system; on the other hand there was the much-discussed Eva Braun, whose role is likely to remain a mystery. Everything was finally concentrated in the "bunker," underground air-raid shelter which alone remained of the Fuehrer's grandiose chancellery, built "for a thousand years." From here the waging of battles and the murder of undesirable individuals was decreed. And here also, Mr. Trevor-Roper believes, the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun were burned.

A good deal of first-rate research preceded the writing of this book. It will dispel a sizable number of myths, though it may help to create a number of its own. Undoubtedly the author has proved that history is made by bad men as well as by bad conditions.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

FATHER AND THE ANGELS

By William Manners. 224 pages.
E. P. Dutton.

\$2.75

The story of life with father has been told many times, over. Father has been timid or explosive, as the case may be, but always entertaining and heroic in the eyes of the son or daughter putting him on paper.



W. Manners

In this story Father is no exception in entertainment value or in heroic stature, although he is a bit unusual in background. For Father is a Jewish Rabbi, and while *Father and the Angels* follows the general pattern of "Father" stories, this racial flavor gives it an added charm.

Perhaps it is in books like this, which narrate the simple, universal experiences of all human beings, rather than in

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THE STORY OF A FAMILY

By Rev. Stephan Piat, O.F.M.

This work simultaneously brought out in Europe and the United States, includes much hitherto unpublished material on the Little Flower of Lisieux. It traces the wonder of grace working in a soul and if you would see the Divine Plan working itself out to fulfillment, then this is the book for you. **\$3.50**

BEHOLD THIS HEART

By Rev. H. J. Heagney

This is the magnificent story of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque. All her life Margaret fought against persons and events that sought to swerve her from the path God had indicated that she was to follow. Her actions were met with hostile opposition and misunderstanding until she met the friend Claude de la Colombe, appointed by God to help her and spread her message throughout the world. Father Heagney has fashioned material from the authentic records of the Jesuit and Visitation orders into an exciting narrative that the reader will find hard to lay aside. **\$3.50**

OUR BLESSED MOTHER

By Revs. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., and James Kearney, C.S.Sp.

This work, stamped with the genius of two devoted Sons, will rank as a standard work on Mariology. Although neither lived to complete the manuscript, the beautiful discourses given by them at retreats, and in sermons, have been preserved by many followers. An editor was appointed by the Holy Ghost Fathers to prepare the manuscript for publication. **\$3.00**

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By Rev. William Regnat, O.S.B.

From the point of view of one who ardently wishes to encourage spiritual reading, the author has written with knowledge and understanding gained from many years as Spiritual Director, about the beginner's problems, and the way to Spiritual perfection with high optimism and gentle humor. **\$2.75**

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This is a collection of stimulating letters written by various Saints to Nuns. The selection covers a wide range, including such titles as "Criticizing the Community," "Choosing a Name" and "Tremendous Trifles," and many others rich in piety, wisdom and humor. It is the kind of a book you read with pleasure and decide to give to all your friends. Any nun—or any aspirant to the Convent—would be glad to get it. **\$2.50**

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sociological or religious tracts, that the specter of race hatred will be laid. For, essentially, Father in this book, is like all good fathers everywhere: God-fearing, devoted to his wife and children, trying always both as Rabbi and as father to "set a very big example." How well Father succeeded in his unworldly ways is clear in the significant tribute paid to him by his neighbors when they declared that he was more Christian than the Christians themselves.

Life was really quite complicated for Father's sons; at least for William. Besides the usual mischief that any normal boy should immerse himself in, this boy had to be "an example," for after all was he not a Rabbi's son? And so he manages somehow to be all boy and a Rabbi's son at the same time. Father's defense when the boy got to be too much for him was invariably: "Don't bother my head"—a sure sign of weary defeat. Father's offensive against the Rabbi's son was the unmistakable preparation Father would make to "use his fine mind on me." Then it was Willie's turn to feel defeat.

Mr. Manners has succeeded eminently well in reproducing, as an adult, the outlook and reactions of the boy that he was. *Father and the Angels* will keep you delightfully entertained for an hour or two.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S AMERICA

By Walter Johnson.
Henry Holt & Co.

621 pages.
\$5.00

William Allen White occupied a place both unique and enduring in this country's turbulent political picture for the major portion of his seventy-five years. Though officially the editor of a small-town newspaper, his advice was sought and used in the highest political councils, where it was felt that White's voice was that of the average American striving for a greater freedom, wider prosperity, and a true liberal outlook.

Though White did an admirable job of battling the Ku Klux Klan in his home state of Kansas during the period of KKK's peak power, he besmirched his own liberal record by his activities during the bigotry-ridden Hoover-Smith election campaign. In the words of his present biographer, Johnson: "He (Smith) was defeated because the average American was repelled by his Catholicism, his wetness, and his city background. The main-streeters and the Babbitts, and the rural Southerners and Westerners of old American stock feared that Smith's election would bring new forces and new ways into dominance



W. Johnson

in American life. William Allen White contributed immeasurably to this belief. Although White did not sanction the religious bigotry of the campaign, as the recognized spokesman of small-town, Anglo-Saxon, rural America, he played upon the latent fears of his Babbitts that city-dwellers were inherently evil, and that the cosmopolitan mixture of ethnic stocks in the cities was threatening the older America."

Johnson, a member of the University of Chicago faculty, was awarded a Newberry Writing Fellowship to complete this book. The portrait he paints is of a man shrewd, yet confused; liberal in most matters, but a hidebound reactionary at times; witty, though not creative; simple, unassuming, and honest. White's impress on the course of history may not have been as flamboyant as some of his more-publicized contemporaries, but his part in the crystallization of a liberal tradition in this country was tremendous. Without glossing over his occasional pettiness and lapse from liberal grace, Johnson has presented a story behind the story of a fighting journalist.

JOHN WYNNE

SO, YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED!

By Dorothy Fremont Grant, 131 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. **\$2.50**

Sometimes the loveliness of a bridal veil, the colorful blending of her bridesmaids' gowns, and the anticipated strains of "The Wedding March" leave a prospective bride so keyed up about her wedding day that she is unable to think about the seriousness of lifelong Christian Marriage. In fact, it might even be said that far too many girls spend so much time dreaming about the glamorous splendor of an expensive wedding that they never get around to thinking about the more sobering aspects of married life. Mrs. Grant is aware of this deficiency, and her book confronts the modern miss with a challenge to look at herself critically and to see whether or not she is really mature enough to get married.

Mrs. Grant roots her observations in a shrewd analysis of the marriage vow itself. Under the "for better, for worse" phrase she makes wise comments aimed at helping the girl to develop and maintain her best "self," while keeping a sharp eye on the peculiarities of masculine psychology. The "for richer, for poorer" part of the vow gives her a chance to strip away the accidentals associated with falling in love, so that the girl can ask herself whether the spiritual richness of a human personality alone would be enough to keep that love ardent and true. The "in sick-



D. F. Grant

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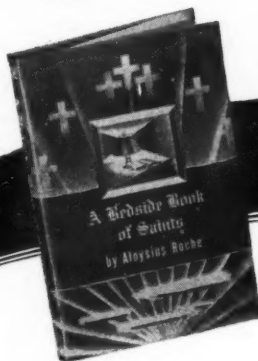


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By ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

Translated and abridged by Alban White

Since the sixteenth century when it was written, this book has been the daily companion of millions who have wished to progress in the spiritual life. You too will find it a never ending source of help along the path of sanctity. You will appreciate the clear, understandable presentation of the material. Prayer and the sacraments, means of acquiring virtue, remedies against temptation, aids to greater devotion . . . these are only a few of the subjects offered by St. Francis.



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IF YOU LIKED

HORACE by Alfred Noyes (and you were in a very small minority if you didn't), you will be glad to hear that **BOCCACCIO** by Francis MacManus, (\$3.50) the second volume in the series **GREAT WRITERS OF THE WORLD**, is now ready. Boccaccio, "the first European storyteller," writer of noble verse (and some gutter-snipe prose) is worth meeting. The man and his writing are shown against the background of a time as turbulent as our own—Boccaccio reported the Black Death, the great horror of his time, as vividly as John Hersey reported Hiroshima, the great horror of ours.

IF YOU LIKED

Caryl Houselander's *This War Is the Passion*, it may have struck you that most of it was just as worth reading in peacetime as wartime. It struck us too, and we persuaded her to revise the book, taking the war out of it. The peacetime edition is now ready, with a new title, **THE COMFORTING OF CHRIST** (\$2.50), which, by the way, is what the book was almost called in the first place.

IF YOU LIKE

Chesterton, but find his constant use of paradox annoying, then you really must get **PARADOX IN CHESTERTON** (\$2.00) by Hugh Kenner. The author is a Canadian, studied under Gilson and Maritain at the Mediaeval Institute in Toronto, in case you would like to know. He discusses the various kinds of paradox, shows that its use by Chesterton was not only natural but inevitable, and has you reaching for the nearest book by Chesterton before you know where you are.

IF YOU LIKE

Mauriac, or think you might (he is an acquired taste for most people), try **VIPERS' TANGLE** (\$3.00). As in *Woman of the Pharisees*, most of the characters are revolting, but how they do stay in your mind! And how goodness does shine against the terrible background Mauriac paints with such skill.

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ness and in health" phrase offers an opportunity for a frank, common-sense discussion of the intimacies of married life and the importance of consideration for the temperament of one's spouse.

Mrs. Grant devotes a section of her book to a treatment of the purposes of Marriage. Here her doctrine is correct, but her manner of expressing herself is unhappy. She would have avoided confusion had she referred to the procreation of children as the primary purpose of marriage and the mutual sanctification of the spouses, the fostering of conjugal love, and the allaying of laudable human passion as secondary purposes.

This book is written so chattily that it will appeal even to high school girls, yet it has enough sound advice to warrant the attention of older girls—perhaps of older wives, too.

MARY E. SHIELDS

LET'S TALK ABOUT CHILDREN

By Elizabeth Bradford. 167 pages.
Prentice-Hall Inc. \$2.50

Starting with the arrival home of mother and newborn baby, *Let's Talk About Children* proceeds to give generally sound advice on the care and upbringing of infants and young children. It is a short book based on a series of radio broadcasts made by the author in Portland, Maine, and the individual chapters have purposely been kept short to encourage a busy parent to read when time and duty permit. The author's style is informal, chatty, and devoid of the technical and pseudopsychological jargon that infects so many books on child care.

Assuming that the baby's greatest needs are for love, food, and sleep, Mrs. Bradford moves from common-sense observations on sleep and food habits to suggestions for accident prevention, handling of emergencies, fears, medical care, and the role of music and reading in the development of the child. On the thorny problem of discipline, she condemns equally the "children-should-be-seen-and-not-heard" and the "self-expression" schools of opinion; these theories are rejected not only because of their manifest failure, but because they quite mistakenly relieve parents of most of the responsibilities of bringing up children.

Mrs. Bradford urges adoption of the Chinese belief (and an ancient Christian belief, too) that parents must set the good example for their children despite the self-discipline this entails. She concludes with a plea for giving children firm religious roots.

"We worship the gods of physical health and mental health, and yet we deny the God of spiritual health, the God whom we as individuals, and the world as a whole, need most."

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER

REPORT ON THE GERMANS

By W. L. White. 260 pages. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.00

World War II in Germany is over. Much more than that cannot be said. Any thinking person who was there during or after the war saw the blundering mistakes which were made. Granted some of them could not be avoided. Wars are like that. But the revenge, hatred, stupidity, inefficiency, and shortsightedness were inexcusable.



W. L. White

We have heard and read much about the cause of our failure to win the peace. *Report on the Germans* is another sincere and frank endeavor to show us how the ordinary Germans were affected by the lies, pressure, violence, blackout of truth, and many other dastardly totalitarian tactics which dictators exert over their people with such masterful finesse. Apparently, in Mr. White's opinion, it is still necessary, even at this late date, to prove what every understanding person should know without needing to be taught: that there are good and bad Germans as there are good and bad in every nation. To accomplish this, the first part of his book introduces us to German persons who are truly representative and reliably truthful exponents of German thought, reactions, and bewilderment before, during, and after the war. Mr. White's method is good as far as it goes. But it will never convince those who can match his good Germans with despicably bad ones whom they have met or heard about. Nor will it bear much weight with those who are callous in their bitterness and adamant in maintaining an attitude which is aptly summed up in the idiotic remark: "Who cares what happens to the Germans?"

It is perhaps with this challenge in mind that Mr. White wrote the second half of his report. Here briefly he treats of the problems which confronted the peacemakers after World War I and points out the mistakes they made; this serves as a background against which he can throw light on more recent errors which have caused almost insurmountable obstacles in the path of those who would bring peace to the nations.

Mr. White's book shakes a warning finger at Americans, urging them to bestir themselves. With another ruthless totalitarianism threatening to override Europe, there can be no time for bungling. It is our job to create a Germany with a manner of life befitting human dignity. And we must do it fast. If this book helps to hasten that work, it will have justified its claim upon our attention.

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ST. AUGUSTINE, FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

Translated and annotated by Louis A. Arand. S.S. 165 pages. The Newman Bookshop. \$2.50

About A.D. 420, Laurentius asked his friend, the great Bishop of Hippo, St. Augustine, to compose for him a handbook that would explain briefly the principal points of Catholic doctrine. In reply Augustine penned a compendium of theology, using as the framework of his treatise the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. Traditionally this work has been called the *Enchiridion*. Augustine himself spoke of it as his book on Faith, Hope, and Charity, for all theology centers about the objects of these three great virtues. Written ten years before his death, after his understanding of Christian revelation had been clarified by controversies with Manicheans, Pelagians, and Donatists, this little treatise presents a fairly complete synthesis of Augustinian theology. The leitmotif of Augustine's teaching is the kindness of God gratuitously elevating us to the divine sonship by the gift of His grace.

As Father Arand so beautifully expresses it in his Introduction, the entire book is "a song of praise to honor the grace of God, and could be epitomized in the memorable lines of the Imitation of Christ: 'In this, Lord, thou hast most showed the sweetness of thy charity to me, that when I was not, thou madest me; and when I wandered far from thee thou broughtest me again to serve thee, and commandest me to love thee.'"

Reading the work one marvels at the breadth of Augustine's biblical scholarship, especially his profound penetration of Pauline theology.

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RICHARD KUGELMAN, G.P.

OPERATION MOSCOW

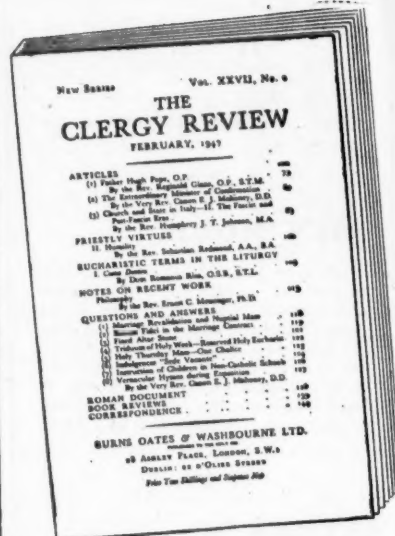
By Christopher Norborg. 319 pages. E. P. Dutton. \$3.50

Operation Moscow is a plan of action aiming at the preservation of peace and of the basic freedoms at least outside the zone of Soviet occupation. The author, a Norwegian by birth, was the chief of the Northern European section of the UNRRA and in that capacity he was able to observe the foreign policy of the Soviets in day-to-day actions.

The plan is based on a thoughtful analysis of the situation. There are two Russias: one, a peace-loving nation desiring friendly co-operation with the United States; the other, official or Communist, which has enslaved the former



C. Norborg



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THE SIGN

and now combines the Marxian doctrine of world revolution with old-fashioned imperialism. To this official Russia, too many concessions have been made. Its further advance must be checked by all means. But how?

This problem is discussed on three levels: political, military, and spiritual. On the political level only a verbal solution is offered: the United Nations should pass three resolutions outlawing the most irritating types of Soviet action. On the military level, Dr. Norborg asserts, an "immediate guarantee of world peace" is available. This is the institution of an international police power, in the framework of regional agreements which could not be stopped by Soviet vetoes. The author does not, however, explain whether these forces should be added to the armed forces of the United States or include the latter. Neither does he show how countries undermined by strong Communist parties (such as France and Italy) or geographically exposed to Soviet aggression (such as Sweden) could be persuaded to join an organization in whose rise the Soviets would probably see a threat of war. On the spiritual front, Dr. Norborg suggests more enlightenment of the free peoples about Communism and more integration of the counterpropaganda conducted by Christians of all denominations.

The intentions of the author are excellent and the book is well written, but Dr. Norborg has hardly offered a workable plan of action conducive to the extirpation of the deadly menace of Communism.

N. S. TIMASHEFF

THE HELLER

By William E. Henning. 294 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

Mr. Henning gave up a painting career in favor of novel writing. His first heroine, aptly called "the heller," is Anne Karlan, an eighteen-year-old scatterbrain with the habitual vocabulary of an irate truck driver and the emotional immaturity of a bobby soxer who has been fed on a changeless diet of *Screen Love*. An avowed sensualist, Anne's preparation for adult life was limited to the very elemental education she could pick up at the cheap Shadowland Ballroom, in parked cars, and from the inane conversations of the blasé crowd who loved to air their escapades over a coke in a booth down at Allison's Pharmacy.

The story covers only a few months of Anne's life, but Anne is a fast worker. Momentarily chagrined when her football hero is forced to marry her most trusted girl friend, Betty, Anne sets out on a new conquest, relentlessly stalks one of her mother's roomers, tricks him into giving her a ring intended for another girl, unshamefacedly proposes to him, and engineers an elopement. As



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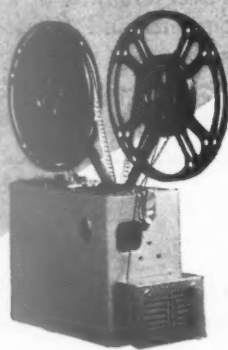
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a housewife she is an utter incompetent, without even a desire to improve. Her marriage is well on the way to a breakup when a reawakened interest in Betty, an expectant mother, brings some shadow of responsibility into her aimless existence. Betty's death sobers her still more, and the story closes with a faint hope that "the heller" might eventually outgrow her lightheadedness. Definitely a faint hope!

Mr. Henning explains why he chose such a heroine when he writes, "I like the freshness of people of eighteen: they're real personalities by that time, they exist in a world of firsthand experiences." Unfortunately, Mr. Henning's eighteen-year-olds are all premature sophisticates, addicted to rowdiness, devoid of all sense of morality, and acquainted with "firsthand experiences" confined solely to things of the flesh. Youth is here with its animalism stepped up into high gear and its idealism buried in the dust. The result is a depressing picture which is neither enriching nor entertaining. I can think of no reason to recommend *The Heller* to anyone.

ROBERT MICHELE

FOOTNOTES ON NATURE

By John Kieran.
Doubleday & Co.

279 pages.
\$3.00

The millions of radio listeners who admire John Kieran, the wizard of "Information Please," can learn many of the secrets of his personality from this charming book. Of course *Footnotes on Nature* is not an autobiography. It is rather a series of nature essays recording Mr. Kieran's rambles in the vicinity of New York. Most of the book concerns birds, butterflies, plants, and animals, when and where they can be seen, and the excitement attending their discovery. Mr. Kieran is a true descendant of John Burroughs, Thoreau, and other American naturalists. He has the gift of sharp eyes and sensitive ears and a capacity to enjoy the exquisite loveliness of all living things.

But John Kieran's outstanding gift is his ability to humanize knowledge—or to put it the other way round, to allow knowledge to humanize him. This indeed is at once the secret and the charm of his personality. All of his scientific, factual information was acquired because of a passionate curiosity about, and consequent enjoyment of, the world about him.

The joy of human adventure as well as the pleasure of scientific knowledge finds its way into *Footnotes on Nature*. The whole effect is enhanced by many apt quotations from classical and Shakespearean literature and by excellent



John Kieran

woodcuts. A ripe, mellow, quietly enjoyable book, *Footnotes on Nature* is welcome in these agitated times.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

SHORT NOTICES

FOUR STARS OF HELL. By Laurence Critchell. 354 pages. The Declan X. McMullen 'Co. \$3.75. President Roosevelt expressed the sentiments of all of us when he said: "I hate war." It might be true in extension of that remark to say: "I hate to read about war." Nevertheless, *Four Stars of Hell* is such an exciting and novel-like portrayal of the work of the 501st Paratroop Infantry Regiment that it is almost guaranteed to hold the fascinated attention of any reader. It starts at the Reception Center and takes you through the invasion of France, Holland, the siege of Bastogne, and the campaign of Alsace-Lorraine. Here are depicted the joys, sorrows, heartaches, anxieties, defeats, triumphs, heat, cold, dirt—in short, the pathetic hell of war. The picture is convincing because not overdrawn.

WHOM I HAVE LOVED. By Francis D. Clare. 40 pages. Louis and Aschmann. \$1.00. In a poem entitled "Western Epiphany," Francis D. Clare laments the frenzied pace of modern living in the West where "inspiration wilts in us, untended flower." Then the poet asks the Christ Child to have pity on our "pale sanity" and, "to raze our gleaming righteousness lest the ox and the ass alone be wise." The thirty-three poems included in this collection are ample proof that "inspiration" has not gone untended in poet Clare's spirit; and the insights into Christian mysteries, the restrained yet passionate outpourings of a soul who knows that the Christian life is meant to be a romance with God, reveal the fruits of a contemplation not too common in a fast-moving age.

THE PEWS TALK BACK. By Luke Misselt, C.P. 83 pages. The Newman Bookshop. \$1.50. Father Misselt is a member of the faculty in charge of the Catholic University's Preachers' Institute. His newly published brochure is founded on the principle that, granted strong desire, hard work, and right technique, any priest can become an interesting and effective preacher. Taking his leads from the complaints of the people in the pews, he offers pointed advice on sermon preparation, alertness at gathering material, voice cultivation, pulpit posture, and techniques for securing and holding audience contact. An engaging writer, Father Misselt brings to his work the convictions of a man who has seen his formula work with gratifying results.

REVIEWERS

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EDGAR VANSTON, C.P., served in Germany as a Lieutenant of the United States Army.

THE † SIGN



Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Creatures of Circumstance by W. Somerset Maugham

The Bright Promise by Richard Sherman
The Garretson Chronicle by Gerald Warner Brace

No Lasting Home by Joseph Dever

The Moneyman by Thomas B. Costain
Prince of Foxes by Samuel Shellabarger

Creatures of Circumstance by W. Somerset Maugham

► *Creatures of circumstance* is what Mr. Maugham calls the people in these strictly formulistic short stories, but anyone familiar with the author's work will recognize them as creatures of Maugham, puppets neatly carved, strikingly caparisoned, deftly manipulated.

Their chief characteristic is the cynicism of the author's approach. It is true that naïveté is inadvisable either in observing or representing human beings. But there is another alternative, understanding touched with sympathy. Of this Mr. Maugham, for all his air of omniscience and his scalpel-sharp comments, has little. In this collection, for example, there is a story called "The Mother." There is one of the same title in Michael McLaverty's *The Game Cock*, reviewed here last month. The vast superiority of Mr. McLaverty's piece over Mr. Maugham's is attributable to the understanding and sympathy which the former brings to his work and which account for the depth, the trueness, the impact marking his story and missing from Mr. Maugham's. Again, in Mr. Maugham's "A Woman of Fifty," several decades in the protagonist's life are sketched, an unusual central situation is posited, yet all the reader gets from the tale is a realization of the author's dexterity in spinning a seventeen-page story without saying anything of human significance. In all the book there is one memorable yarn, a horror story labeled "A Man from Glasgow."

(Doubleday. \$2.75)

The Bright Promise by Richard Sherman

► This novel opens on the day of Franklin Roosevelt's first inauguration as President in 1933, closes with the return of his body to the Capital after his death at Warm Springs in 1945. In 1933, with

the country in the throes of near-panic, Amy Hardin, the narrator, marries Lyle Ellery. She is secretary to a magazine publisher; he is discontented with a small job in the same office, a considerable comedown after his luxurious upbringing and expensive education. Their prospects are poor, but over the radio comes the new President's voice, heartening them. Lyle finally gets a big opportunity and makes the most of it, as editor of a picture magazine. But when he spurns the advances of the publisher's wife, he is cast aside. The couple goes to the small town in Iowa from which Amy came, and there Lyle takes over the country newspaper owned by his father-in-law. The place and people are strange to him; at first he is not happy or popular: eventually he does well as editor and citizen and comes to treat Amy with the love she had always unsuccessfully sought from him. He wins national recognition for his anti-isolationist editorials before Pearl Harbor, is brought back to New York by the picture magazine, goes into the Army as an officer. While he is away, the Hardins' small son Johnny contracts infantile paralysis. The example of the President encourages Johnny to accept and conquer his being crippled. Reunited in Washington and bound one to another as never before, the family is in the throng watching the cortège to the White House.

More than a decade of recent American history is epitomized or used as background in this plodding, lackluster, windy, weepy, loosely plotted, slackly written novel. Trite and not a little mawkish, it is well-nigh idolatrous in its attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt.

(Little, Brown. \$2.75)

The Garretson Chronicle by Gerald Warner Brace

► Another first-person narrative, this unhackneyed story is related by Ralph Garretson of Compton, Massachusetts, and covers the lives of three generations of the Garretson family. Compton is represented as a carbon copy of Concord, with both Ralph's grandfather and his father acutely aware of the tradition of the place and the heritage of a long-established New England family.

The grandfather was a proud, tart-tongued Yankee aristocrat who would not allow his grandchildren to play with "riff-raff and micky boys" and delighted in the discomfiture he caused his inferiors. His son married twice: the first time, a Boston girl who was stifled in Compton and starved for love in the household so autocratically run by the old man; the second time, a kindred soul ideally suited to him. Thus, at last, properly wifed, he could give himself over to what outsiders might consider idleness but actually was a sterile worship of his native place and its past.

Ralph, eldest son of the first marriage, revolted. He was expelled from school and dropped from Harvard. He associated with the Irish, found happiness with country people, one of whom was a craftsman in woodwork. He came, at last, to understand both his grandfather and his father, and the latter may have divined, as does the reader, that it was Ralph, rather than his other children, who finally best appreciated Compton and recaptured some of the simplicity and vitality of its past.

Intriguing, different, this book is well written, if never brilliant. The first two-thirds of it is superior to the closing third, which lacks the clarity of what has gone before. The novel excels in characterization.

(Norton. \$3.00)

No Lasting Home by Joseph Dever

► Quite a different Massachusetts setting is found in Mr. Dever's first novel. The Creedon family, distinctly "micky," lives in a poor section of a Boston suburb. Mike Creedon is an amiable bakery wagon driver, with a weakness for drink. His wife dies giving birth to their second son, Gerry. It is up to their other son, Eddie, and Mike's sister, Annie, to keep the home going.

Eddie is a hustler, bright and ambitious. But selfishness is the strongest factor in his make-up. He sacrifices his plan to go to college and become a lawyer, in order that Gerry may have every chance. He feels, too, that his obligations preclude his marrying the girl he loves. At work, his abilities are recognized, and he is made business agent of a newly organized union. His union duties bring him in contact with a priest who gets him back to the practice of his religion. When Gerry's college days are coming to an end, the boy becomes infatuated with a girl who, as his wife, would be a hindrance to him. Eddie intervenes, and himself marries her. He goes off to the war, returns to attend Gerry's graduation, finds that his wife is unfaithful, is too late to save her from suicide.

Tracing a career of sacrifice is an admirable idea for a novel. But Mr. Dever

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has not succeeded in doing much of moment with it. There are felicitous touches here and there, passages with concreteness, immediacy, true pathos; patches of first-rate writing. But there is very much which is awkward and unconvincing, lapses into moralizing, sparkless dialogue, insufficiently motivated developments, and stretches of lackluster prose. That Mr. Dever has the qualifications for producing notable fiction is plain from his short stories and, periodically, in this book.

(Bruce, \$3.00)

The Moneyman by Thomas B. Costain
Prince of Foxes by Samuel Shellabarger

► These are historical entertainments, on the extravaganza order, with much in common. Mr. Costain's romance is laid in fifteenth-century France, Mr. Shellabarger's in sixteenth-century Italy. Both deal with tumultuous, colorful times, critical for the countries involved. Each offers a strong man trying, for different motives and by different means, to unify his country: in France it is Jacques Coeur, in Italy, Cesare Borgia. Each palpitates with a love story: in *The Moneyman* the lovers are Robin D'Arley and Valerie Sorel, with the ruthless Isabeau DeBurey meaning to have Robin as her own; in *Prince of Foxes* the lovers are Andrea Orsini and Camilla degli Baglioni, with the ruthless Angela Borgia meaning to have Andrea as her own. In both there are intrigue, treachery, swordplay, warfare, torture, injustice, narrow escapes, pagentry, all interlarded with period detail and premeditated servings of history.

This kind of performance is thoroughly standardized by now. One cannot apply to it the criteria by which serious fiction is judged. Its purpose is to pass time for the reader by taking him into an exotic dream world. Both Mr. Costain and Mr. Shellabarger are slick masters of the medium, with the latter producing a generally sounder book than the former. While neither indulges in the crass sensationalism of some concocters of so-called historical fiction, Mr. Costain does work one bit of it into his yarn. And his insistence on a parallel between St. Joan of Arc and Valerie (who is deliberately and elaborately prepared for presentation to the king as a mistress calculated to assist France at a perilous period) is ludicrous, as is his picture of a monastery and the monks therein. Mr. Shellabarger, in treating Pope Alexander VI, remarks, "Victim as well as exploiter of a relatively brief historical epoch, he was no more typical of the Papacy than is a fungus typical of the mighty oak to which it may be attached." His cast of characters includes a mystical, stigmatic nun who is well drawn save for some hardly credible statements to Cesare Borgia.

(Doubleday, \$3.00; Little, Brown, \$3.00)

Letters

Timely Warning

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish every American had the opportunity to read the splendid article, "The Vatican and Peace—1947" by Camille Cianfarra in your August issue. It is astonishing to note how close the Vatican's views of the world situation are to those of our own State Department. It is too bad, however, that as a nation we have been satisfied to express the highest ideals in international relations, but have done so little to give those ideals an effective realization. We have come a long way from the days when we considered the Atlantic Charter more than the expression of a few pious hopes and sentiments.

The last paragraph of Mr. Cianfarra's article sounds a warning which should be burned into our minds at the present time:

"When asked what the chances are of averting a new war, high Vatican officials show impressive pessimism. They fear that the probabilities of halting Russian imperialism are very slim and that Soviet policy is bound sooner or later to clash with vital Anglo-Saxon interests and set fire once again to the world. They believe that to save peace the United States should pursue a policy of firmness backed by military strength, but avoid anything that smacks of provocation, while attempting whenever possible to find a common ground for understanding with Russia."

The Vatican officials who replied to Mr. Cianfarra's inquiries evidently intended to warn us Americans of the dangers of the world situation. We should be wise if we heed the warning.

WILLIAM F. LEE

Washington, D.C.

Statue of Liberty

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your July issue you published an article in regard to the Statue of Liberty. Why didn't your writer tell why the people of France all of a sudden made up their minds to send this statue to America? The real cause was to rekindle a friendship that was being replaced by a hatred which France brought on herself by her actions toward us during the Civil War in following England's leadership. The North had not forgotten her buying Confederate bonds, entertaining the Captain and officers of the "Alabama" in the harbor of Cherbourg, nor her harboring in French-American ports privateers and other ships

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that were preying on American commerce and running the blockade. All these things were done at the instigation of the English who were doing their best to destroy the Union.

Here is one American who will not fall for such bunk as to the purpose of the Statue of Liberty. In 1870 President Grant was besieged by a lot of crackpots who thought we should come to the aid of France, but Grant, realizing what France did to harm us in 1861, simply said no. Too bad we did not have a Grant in the White House in 1914 and 1939.

JOHN J. BROWN

New York City

St. Joseph Leper Asylum

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am sure it will be of interest to your readers to know that I am the first Indian Bishop of the Latin Rite. I am also the first Indian Jesuit of the caste *Paravars*, converts of the great St. Francis Xavier four centuries ago.

Next year, with the help of God, I shall celebrate my Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit and Silver Jubilee as a Bishop. To commemorate these two events, I have begun St. Joseph's Leper Asylum, and the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary will take charge of this asylum. I am sure that it will be a revelation to your readers to know that there are more than a million lepers in India.

His Holiness Pope Pius XII has blessed our undertaking, and His Excellency Archbishop Leo P. Kierkels, C.P., Apostolic Delegate to India, has given his warm commendation of our efforts. Half the work is nearly over, but twenty thousand dollars is still needed for its completion. We hope also to consecrate the cathedral next year.

I feel that the following information will also be interesting to your readers. There are 5000 priests in India, two-thirds of whom are natives. There are 10,600 nuns, the majority of whom are Indian. There are now 20 native bishops in India, whereas 50 years ago there was none. There are 11 Jesuit bishops in India and 2 in Ceylon.

(MOST REV.) FRANCIS TIBURTUS ROCHE

Bishop of Tuticorin,
India.

Nationalization in France

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with great pleasure your well-informed magazine, but I would like to make some observations about the article, "Which Way is Europe Drifting?" by N. S. Timasheff.

The author writes: "Some instances of French nationalization have been officially justified as punitive acts against traitors, and other instances have been supported by public opinion as a preventive measure against a repetition of treason by the bourgeoisie."

Perhaps some members of the bourgeoisie betrayed their country, but not all the "bourgeois." Many died as chiefs of the "Resistance," and it is wrong and unjust to accuse them of treason. A well-known slogan of the Communist propaganda is "Pay attention! The *classe bourgeoisie* betrayed, the worker did not. Therefore, we are the

great heroes, the liberators." This is a lie. There was no monopoly of heroism. Why does the author speak about "a repetition of treason by bourgeois"? All that has no relation with the nationalization.

Is it true to say: "From a certain point of view, the program of nationalization coincides with the aspirations of the Catholic parties of Europe aiming at the deproletarianization of the laboring class"? We aim at the deproletarianization of the laboring class all right, but is "the socialist plan" the true means? Coal is nationalized, but if you lived in France, you would soon discover that we do not have a greater quantity of coal because the State is the owner of the mines. The workers, who are not all stupid, know it well. All the nationalizations do not stop the ruin of our poor country, which goes on from strikes to strikes. The coal miners constantly threaten the government with strikes if wages are not increased. The number of the officials was undoubtedly increased, but we are not happier for that.

I am sure the author sees the question clearly, but it seems to me that his sounding of French-Catholic opinion is not deep enough on some points.

ABBE J. JEROME

Compiegne, France

Ballots For Franco

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the midst of a great and undisputed crisis in our foreign affairs, with great War Three something more than a figment of the imagination, at a time when the people of this country are anxiously interested in persuading other peoples and nations to adopt and practice our style of Democracy, one of our leading newspapers, the *New York Herald Tribune*, does not hesitate to rock the boat with an ill-timed and in-bad-taste editorial which ends with this somewhat remarkable statement,

"The Spanish problem still confronts the reluctant West, and it is impossible to pretend that it is no source of concern to the United States."

The American people during one life time have taken part in two great wars to put down aggression. Today, a great many peoples including our own are at their wits ends endeavoring to stop the spread of aggression throughout Europe and the world. Spain has never been accused of aggression nor of plotting aggression by even her bitterest enemies.

The editorial under discussion mentions police in an unfortunate and uncompensatory fashion. If police were present at the recent election in Spain, at least they were native police and not the sort that have been supervising elections since V-Day in several countries we could mention. Are the police seen around election districts and polling places in most of our large cities on election days evidence to the world of the existence here of a police state?

The only problem Spain presents to the West today is the self-created problem caused by the unwarranted intervention and interference of the West in the internal affairs of a friendly nation that achieved real greatness centuries before many of the countries now attempting to dictate her form of government enjoyed either a habitation or a name.

September, 1947

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Of all the calamities, perhaps famine is the worst encountered. The picture above is a typical example of a rice line during a famine in Hunan. Starving people turn toward the mission to beg food. A bowl of rice a day will keep death at a distance, and they know they will not be refused if the missionaries have the rice.

Thank God, the readers of *The Sign* have always been most generous in supporting our missionaries. At this moment times are bad in China. Food is scarce. Prices are exorbitant. Your help is needed more than ever.

Once again we appeal to you to join our penny-a-day Christmas Club for Christ. If you are a member, ask some of your good friends to fill in the coupon below. Then mail it to us at your earliest convenience. Thank you and God bless you.

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If the so-called reluctant West had been less reluctant and had helped to set up and perpetuate a Communist regime in Spain as Russia planned and fought for, in that case a real problem would now confront the nation aiming to stop the onward march of Communism in Europe. If and when World War Three materializes we suspect that a great many Americans and others will thank God that at one crisis in their history a majority of Americans were reluctant enough to adhere to our traditional foreign policy and mind their own business. The whole world knows, or ought to know, that if it had not been for General Franco and his adherents there would be a Communist regime in Spain at this very hour, aiding and assisting Russia in destroying European culture and spreading her system of servitude and slavery throughout the world.

JAMES F. LOUGHLIN

Binghamton, N. Y.

St. Dominic and The Rosary

EDITORS OF *THE SIGN*:

May I take exception to your reply to H.W., of Brookline, Mass., in the *Sign-Post* (June issue) as to the origin of the Rosary.

You state, "This tradition, or better legend, as it stands is now commonly rejected." Yet as late as 1927 in an Apostolic Brief of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI in which he grants a Plenary Indulgence for reciting the Rosary in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, we find the following: "The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary instituted by the Patriarch Saint Dominic in honor of the Mother of God."

In the same paragraph you also state, "Before the time of Alan, no biography of St. Dominic makes any mention of the Rosary, nor is any allusion to it found in the thousands of devotional works written by Dominican Friars between 1220 and 1450." Even if it were not mentioned it proves nothing, for neither do they say anything of the Third Order which he founded. In fact, not till 160 years after his death did we learn from Blessed Raymond of Capua in his life of St. Catherine of Siena that St. Dominic was its founder. Again, though he passed ten years of his life battling against the Albigenses in Languedoc, only two or three anecdotes are given by his biographers.

The fact that it is not found in the early Constitutions of the Order is also not to be wondered at when we consider that the acts of the first fourteen Chapters of the Order are contained in three pages.

Yet to suppose there is lack of evidence between 1220 and 1450 supporting the Dominican tradition is an error. Pope Sixtus V, in his bull, *Dum Ineffabilia*, Jan. 30, 1586, refers to indulgences granted to Rosary societies by his predecessors as far back as Urban IV (1265) and John XXII (1316).


I leave it to your readers, therefore, to decide whether it will be "necessary to abandon the popular story of St. Dominic's having instituted or even propagated the Rosary," and call to their attention that no proofs have been brought forth to discredit the Rosary tradition that were not considered and rejected in the year 1725 by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

(Miss) PATRICIA STUHR

San Francisco, Calif.

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